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Agricultural.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A SOD AS THE BASIS OF A CROP.

There is often a very wide difference between the practice of farmers, and their argument upon the point in an abstract sense. They will reason out a process that will conform to the best usage, but when the case presents itself in their own practice, they often do things they have argued against. The exigencies surrounding them have seemed to force them to the act their better judgment condemns. They would not perhaps whip a tired horse to pull a load his strength could not overcome, nor attempt to dip more water from the spring than could trickle through the crevice, but they often plow a field to produce a crop that their better judgment tells them is not suited to its strength of fertility, or in capacity for a paying yield. Habit is sometimes the factor which determines the act. They have been accustomed to plow about so much for wheat, this field will make the usual acreage, so over it goes, with all the arguments against it, with a blind sort of trust that the seasons will be propitious and prices good. Many a sod will be thus sacrificed this fall that should be left another year.

Debt sometimes seems to compel these unprofitable ventures, in the vain hope that the crop will turn out better than their fears, and make it possible to meet payments at maturity. Debt stirs the soul and stirs the soil to the detriment of both.

In most cases where a field is plowed too soon the reasons for the act are entirely fallacious, and the loss is always a progressive one. Labor and feed that will make a horse poor if continued, will kill the horse. There must be a season of rest or a stronger diet to expect a continuance of profitable labor. A poor crop on a weak soil is the sure precursor of a poorer crop to follow, and per contra, a soil that is so rich as not to be exhausted by a single crop, under proper treatment will produce a better one to follow.

The farmer who aims to increase the fertility of his fields has often noticed that particular portions of a field that have become rich by some previous application of manure or other cause, continue to improve and keep in advance of the remainder of the field in a proportional degree. If the field had all been treated the same as the portion thus enriched, each year's product would be greatly increased, and the profits correspondingly augmented.

Every farmer on the soil of southern Michigan knows the value of a sod for the production of a crop. Our farms can be enriched in no other way. No farmer can get manure to cover a field for every crop, and the question as to the utility of commercial fertilizers for our soils is yet an open one. A sod must be the main reliance, and in order to get the full advantage, the field must remain in sod at least two years. There perhaps was never a time in the history of Michigan when so large a per cent of the farming lands were in clover as at the present, and unless bad practices prevail, the future crop returns of our State will show a large increase of products per acre. To many a farmer and farmer this is the "tide" in their affairs which will lead to independence if rightly managed, but the fear is that many will fritter away their advantage in a year or two of promiscuous plowing.

Suppose a farm of moderate fertility capable of a large increase, was now well seeded to clover, (which should be the case following such favorable seasons as the last past,) a part of it one year old and the balance the growth of the present season. The question arises whether to plow any of the last year's seeding for wheat, or not to sow a kernel, or perhaps just enough for family use and for seed another year. There are perhaps thousands of farmers who now

stand in this pivotal position. To those mentioned above who from force of habit or through stress of circumstances are likely to err in their decision, a look ahead farther than the next crop is suggested. Is there not a compensation for the wheat crop in another crop of hay, or pasture, and in the increased fertility so easily secured? A wheat crop involves the expense of seed and harvesting and perhaps a new reaper or drill, and the attending reduction of the fertility to a lower point, which is saved by not having the wheat to sow and to harvest. Farmers have not become wealthy by raising wheat, especially in the last few years; is it not time to call a halt in wheat raising, and turn the attention to some other branches less likely to impoverish the soil? Suppose the farming operations are circumscribed for one year and let the land recuperate; the following crops will surely remunerate for the supposed loss. The difference between a good ripe sod and a worn soil without clover is surely one-third and often one-half. There is a certain cost attending the cultivation, such as the plowing and cultivating, which is no more for a good than for a poor crop, but the profit for the labor is all above the cost, and while it may cost all a poor crop comes to to produce it, the good crop always puts money in our pockets. The difference of one-third in the product will repay any supposed loss for the delay in securing the return, and leave the soil in a condition to reseed with certainty, and go on repeating the profit with each succeeding cultivation.

It costs about \$7.50 per acre to grow a crop of corn, including interest on the land and use and wear of tools. It is necessary to expend this amount on good and poor crops alike. The average production for the State in 1880 was a fraction over 61 bushels of ears per acre; this reduced to shelled bushels is about 40 bushels to the acre. Several of the counties gave a return of over 70 bushels of ears, and many below 50, and could we come down to individuals a greater difference still would be found. If the whole crop in the State for that year could have been planted on a good clover sod, as it ought to have been or not planted at all, the returns per acre would have been 75 instead of 61, or at the rate of 50 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. This immense profit would all have been distributed among those who made this change out of the usual course, for many farmers grow crops of corn above 50 bushels to the acre. It costs \$10 per acre to grow a crop of wheat on good or poor land, with the difference only of interest on the value of the land. This does not include interest on the expensive machinery necessary to its care. By this it is readily seen that no farmer can afford to sow wheat on a soil that does not give a fair promise of at least 20 bushels per acre. The average for the State in 1880 was 17.80 bushels per acre, showing clearly that some farmers on the poorest soils of the State, raised wheat that year at a loss, for some townships gave as high an average as 27 bushels. It is fair to presume that the farmers who do not practice up to their profession are responsible for this wide difference in the yield, and that a proper system of farming might bring the average up to 25 bushels in seasons not exposed to climatic extremes.

As before stated, if the clover now on the ground is judiciously preserved, and the ground on which it is growing is allowed to remain untilled for two years or more, the future reports from our State can be greatly increased in the average per acre, for all the crops grown. It would seem that self interest ought to be sufficient inducement to farmers to preserve their fields from sterility, when the proper course is so plain to follow.

A. C. G.

QUACK GRASS.

ATKINS, ST. CLAIR CO. July 17, '83

J. R. Shelton, Agr'l College, Lansing, Mich.
DEAR SIR:—Enclosed I send a specimen of grass for name, and also to find out whether it is good for anything. If it should get hold on a farm, would it be difficult to root out. There is a little of it growing along the side of the railroad, where it has been for four years. It has not spread to the adjoining land yet so far as my knowledge goes. Is it a bad kind of grass? An answer in the MICHIGAN FARMER will very much oblige. Respectfully yours,

ALTON ATKINS.

Answer.—The specimen enclosed for examination is *Triticum repens*, best known to the farmer as quack grass, quitch grass, couch grass, witch grass, etc. It is a very sweet, nutritive grass, and is readily eaten by stock. Yes, sir, if you once get it in your soil, it will stick "closer than a brother," and multiply and spread at every cultivation, owing to its underground stems. It is sometimes recommended for embankments, where washouts are apt to occur, and here does good service.

J. R. SHELTON.

Kalamazoo Telegraph: J. W. Wilson, celery grower of this city, has hit upon a cute device for breaking hard land. A horse cannot work on marsh, so Mr. W. erected a windlass on upland and the horse moves around this, and by pulleys draws a plow across the marsh back and forth. It was a novel sight to see a man following the plow to which no horse was directly attached.

THE SHIPMENT OF SHEEP TO AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In the last number of the FARMER I find an extract from the San Francisco Post, making some statements regarding the shipment of a lot of registered Merino sheep to Australia, in charge of Mr. Alfred Hay, which to my mind contains incorrect statements, and advice and opinions quite objectionable to the interests of Merino sheep breeding.

The sheep referred to are without doubt the lot that passed through Detroit in May last in charge of Mr. Hay, part of which had been purchased by and for himself, and a portion that were selected by Mr. W. G. Markham for other parties in Vermont, New York and a few in Michigan. I had the pleasure of seeing them and they were a good lot of sheep, but it is unnecessary to state that such sheep cost from \$400 to \$2,000 each; because it is too far from the truth.

But the principal item to which I object is that advising the crossing of unregistered light fleeced Australian on registered Merino sheep to improve their value. It would be too ridiculous to contemplate were it not that one or two agricultural papers have advocated the same policy editorially. The author of this extract from the Post was evidently as far out of his sphere as the horse reporter at a wedding reception. That the cross on the Australian improves the latter I can readily believe, but that the converse is the case no good sheep breeders will admit; nor I apprehend take this advice and begin to import from Australia.

The improved American is the best Merino sheep there is for wool growing, and owes its present character to the care of the breeders in selecting the best within the breed and avoiding all out crosses or taints of any description. The advice as to registering is good, and to go still farther and "breed from registered rams only," is still better.

The fleece of the American Merino has been steadily growing finer as well as more dense, and if the demands of the market are such that it pays to make it still finer, the work can be accomplished within the breed, without going back fifty years for that purpose. If necessity requires, the Silesian Merino affords the opportunity to grow fine wool and from the purest of blood.

The proposition referred to would be as absurd as to assume that because a cross of the Shorthorn on common cattle produces some very profitable stock, therefore it would improve the Shorthorn to make a cross with the native.

PONT HARBOR, July 26, '83.

THE DAIRY.

The Falling off in Butter and Cheese Exports and its Cause—Change in the Dairy Business.

The N. Y. Tribune calls attention to the fact that there has been a decided falling off in the exports of butter and cheese from the United States within the last 12 or 15 months. Prior to 1880 most of the butter and cheese made in this country was the product of individual farmers, and the consumption was confined almost exclusively to the home market; but with the starting of the factory and creamery systems the production became so great that dealers were compelled to look abroad for consumers. A few ventures in the English market met with such warm reception that there immediately sprang up a large trade with that country. Soon the great mass of American cheese found its way to England and the cheese-eating districts of Continental Europe. In round numbers, the exports of butter for the year ending May 1, 1880, were 32,000,000 pounds, for the year ending May 1, 1883, they were nine million pounds, nearly seven-fifths percent less. In cheese for the same dates the exports fell from 110,000,000 to 86,000,000 pounds. The following tabulated statement shows the exports for recent years from the port of New York:

	Pounds.
May 1, 1879, to May 1, 1880.....	32,154,573
May 1, 1880, to May 1, 1881.....	27,711,575
May 1, 1881, to May 1, 1882.....	15,443,591
May 1, 1882, to May 1, 1883.....	9,768,572

Benjamin Urner, who compiled statistics for the New York Merchants' Exchange, in accounting for this market falling off, said that for the last ten years England and the dairy districts generally of the Continent had suffered from bad crops. They were unable to supply the home demand, and the poverty of the people compelled them to substitute on their own tables cheap cheese for high-priced meat. "Oleo," exported under the name of oil, in the last two years had supplanted the lower grades of butter that formed the class of goods usually exported. No account of the amount of "oleo" exported has been kept. Year before last speculators entered the market and bought up and held the great bulk of dairy goods. They made money and last year they tried it again and failed, great quantities of butter being sold for grease when it came

out of storage last fall. The adulteration of butter and cheese in this country, according to Mr. Urner, had not materially injured the demand for export. The English had very thorough systems of analyzing goods, and dealers there were very quick to detect imitation or adulteration.

"Are we becoming greater consumers in this country?" asked the reporter.

"There you touch the key of the situation. The above causes have had a material effect upon the decline in our exports, and while there are no exact statistics kept of the amount of our production, yet it is well known to the trade that there has been an increase rather than a decrease in our make both of butter and cheese, while it is true that there has been a large divergence of exports in cheese from this port through Canada and by the St. Lawrence to Europe. Yet the fact of an increase in production and a falling-off in exports proves conclusively a great increase in home consumption. We are rapidly becoming a cheese-eating people, while we always were the greatest butter-eating nation on the globe."

As to the amount of butter and cheese made in the country, the census of 1879 gives the following figures:

Butter made on the farm, 777,350,287 pounds; made in factories, 294,491,784 pounds; cheese made on the farm, 27,272,480 pounds; made in factories, 215,885,361 pounds, of which 171,750,495 pounds was made in the factories devoted exclusively to cheese making. According to the census of 1870 the total butter product was 514,092,683 pounds, almost all made on the farm, the total cheese product 162,927,383 pounds, of which 33 per cent. only was made in factories, over four times as much cheese being then made on the farm as now. It is apparent, from these figures, that the dairy business is fast being transferred from the farm to the factory, to the increased profit of the farmer and the great relief of the farmer's wife.

In conjunction with the growth of the butter and cheese products it is important to notice the increase in the number of milch cows, which, in 1850, numbered 6,385,094, and in 1880, 12,443,120, and for this increase in the source of raw material of less than 100 per cent we have an increase in the aggregate of manufactured products of more than 150 per cent, being considerably over that in butter, but less in cheese. In other words, the steady improvement in our dairy stock makes the milch cow of 1880 worth at least half as much again as her predecessor in 1850.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Messrs. Wm. Ball of Hamburg, and W. E. Boyden, of Delhi Mills, to Sell Large Drafts from their Shorthorn Herds.

Messrs. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, Livingston County, and Will. E. Boyden of Delhi Mills, Washenaw County, have decided to have a joint sale of Shorthorns. The place selected at which to hold the sale is the grounds of the Central Michigan Fair Association at Lansing, and the time is Thursday afternoon of the Fair week. The animals to be sold are some of the best in the State, and the Kirkleavington, Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis, Pomona, and other well known families will be represented. Individuality the animals to be offered are as good as any in these herds, chosen from some of the best herds in Kentucky and Illinois, or bred from that stock. It will not be a sale of the tail ends of the herds, as these have been thoroughly weeded out, but the offerings will consist of a few head of each family represented in each herd. It will, therefore, be a division of these herds, not selections of animals not wanted.

Messrs. Ball and Boyden have recently made some heavy purchases of Shorthorns, from the best herds in the country, and some of these animals are also to be offered. They were selected with great care and for their merits individually as well as for their breeding. The catalogues for this sale will be ready for distribution in a few days. Mr. Judy, of Tallula, Ill., will officiate as auctioneer, and everything will be done to make this sale an event in the history of Shorthorns in Michigan.

The Dairy says: "The cause of print butter turning white by lying in a cloth (not laying—but never lays), is said by an authority (?) to be 'the effect of the acids used in bleaching cloth; also that it may be avoided by the use of the thinnest make of muslin or cheese cloth.' This explanation will be very unsatisfactory to the dairyman who is troubled with his print butter. Acids are not used in bleaching. The agent made use of in bleaching cloth is chlorine gas in combination with lime, and the thinnest muslin is bleached in the same way as thicker goods. It is also necessary to remove all traces of the chlorine as soon as the goods are bleached, to save the fiber from being destroyed by the chlorine, which is remarkably corrosive in its effects. So that this explanation is none at all. But white goods are, like everything else, adulterated with paste and white clay, or terra alba, and the alkaline effect of the clay would cause butter to turn white, just as impure salt

having lime in it, and consequently chloride of lime, would also do. If the cloths are washed and thoroughly rinsed from soap, and the salt used is pure, there will be no change in the butter which comes in contact with them."

THE BATTLE OF THE HARVESTERS.

How the McCormack and the Minneapolis Machines Did Battle for Supremacy Last Week.

On Friday of last week, while in Romeo, we were invited to attend a trial of harvesters that was to take place on the farm of Mr. Noah Sutherland, about two miles south of that place. It was rumored that three or four machines would be present, and a big fight for first honors would result. Only two, however, put in an appearance, but we had the big fight all the same. On arriving at Mr. Sutherland's place, quite a party was found in attendance, consisting of farmers, agents for machines, experts, citizens of leisure and editors—two of the latter, the FARMER man and Mr. F. Buzzell of the Romeo Democrat, putting in an appearance. The two harvesters that did put in an appearance were the Minneapolis and the McCormack, and each had a number of agents on the ground. The Minneapolis agents were under the command of Mr. W. R. Roberts, the State agent, a shrewd, active, clever fellow, whose white plug hat showed in front wherever the fight was hottest. He was ably supported by Mr. Woodward and a full corps of assistants. The McCormack men were headed by the genial traveling agent, Mr. Charles Carr, and with him were Mr. George Graham, and Mr. Moorhouse, one of the firm of Moorhouse & Fillingham, hardware dealers of Romeo. Quite a time was spent in arranging preliminaries, and during the animated talk it leaked out that Mr. Sutherland had signed an order for each of the machines. This created a flutter of excitement, for of course it was known he did not want two, and how the matter could be arranged was a problem. Mr. Moorhouse, who took the order for the McCormack machine, was "struck amidsips." He knew his order was good, but he saw that if Mr. Sutherland wanted the Minneapolis, it would be bad policy for him, as a business man who was located in that territory, to enforce his contract. Mr. Carr asked to see the order for the Minneapolis machine, producing his own. Both orders were straight and clear, the McCormack having been given first, and calling for \$250, the Minneapolis for \$225. Mr. Sutherland was called upon for an explanation. He said that when he signed the order for the Minneapolis he was told that he could take the machine, test it along with any other, and if it did not do as good or better work, he could return it. That was the only understanding upon which he could have been induced to sign the second order. The agent who had secured the order denied this, however, and as the contract said nothing about it, of course in law the sale was absolute. Mr. Carr then proposed to Mr. Roberts that both contracts should be destroyed, the machines tested on their merits, and Mr. Sutherland allowed to make his choice between the two. As the price of the Minneapolis was \$25 lower than the McCormack, this would give that machine a decided advantage to begin with. This proposition was finally refused by Mr. Roberts, on the ground that he did not wish to interfere with his agents. At this point it looked like a failure so far as a test of the merits of the two machines was concerned; but Mr. Carr, who had his mind made up for a trial, turned to Mr. Sutherland and said: "Now, Mr. Sutherland, you are going to have whichever machine you like best. We will go on with this trial, and if you like the Minneapolis best, well and good; but if you like the McCormack, you shall have it, and the McCormack Company will stand between them and all harm so far as that contract is concerned."

This put an end to the talk, the Minneapolis was oiled, three horses hitched to it, and with Mr. Sutherland as driver, the trial began.

The field was a capital one to test the good qualities of a machine. It had some hills in it, with a gully between two of them that the recent rains had left with considerable water and more mud. The straw was lodged and tangled, some nearly flat on the ground. As the machine started, the crowd followed it around, and while the horses had sharp pulling, the machine certainly did good work. Two rounds were made, and then the horses were unhitched and the McCormack brought in and started. Away it went down the field, and the way it cleared the ground, taking lodged grain and everything, bound and dropped the bundles, gave its admirers the greatest delight. Again we went around the field, this time in company with Mr. James Reed and a bright young fellow, a son of Mr. Adam Mackie. Both of them were enthusiastic over the manner in which the McCormack did its work. After the circuit had been made, more talk took place. Mr. Roberts claimed that the Minneapolis was the lightest draft, and Mr. Carr emphatically denied the assertion. Mr. Roberts finally demanded a test of the draft of each machine by the dynamometer, as Mr. Sutherland had evidently been much impressed by the work of the McCormack, which he had handled for the first time. Mr. Carr decided to accept the test of the dynamometer, and arrangements were at once made for that purpose. Twelve bundles were stood on end down the field, at about equal distances apart, and a man selected to call out the draft as the machines were opposite each bundle. This gave twelve tests. Mr. Carr suggested that as Mr. Sutherland was the party most interested he be allowed to drive each machine. Mr. Roberts objected to this. He said he alone should drive the Minneapolis, or there would be no test, and drive it he did as well as that part of the business could possibly be performed.

The dynamometer was attached to the McCormack first, and Mr. Moorhouse mounted the seat. Mr. Brabb, a well known farmer in the neighborhood, was selected to call the drafts, and the FARMER man was compelled to follow the machines and see that each was driven so as to cut the full width of their platforms. As each bundle was reached, the drafts were called, and then the sum total of the twelve drafts added together. The test resulted as follows:

Minneapolis, twelve points, 12,350 lbs., or an average draft of 1,029 5-6 lbs.
McCormack, twelve points, 9,100 lbs., or an average draft of 758 1/2 lbs.

When the figures were announced, there was a shout for the McCormack, and Mr. Sutherland then said he had decided to take the McCormack. He said he had arrived at that conclusion while driving in the first test, because he saw his horses did not have to labor nearly as hard as when pulling the Minneapolis. He then gave Mr. Roberts notice that he did not want his machine, but Mr. R. said he should pay for it all the same, strode out of the field, and the fight was over.

After the crowd had dispersed, we talked with Mr. Sutherland about the test, and as to his opinions of the two harvesters. He is a young man who speaks very frankly, and he said that when he signed an order for the Minneapolis, it was with the express understanding that he should test it with any machine he pleased before accepting it, that he really had a strong prejudice in its favor, as he seen it work, and knew nothing of the McCormack. But when he started to drive the McCormack he at once saw how much lighter his draft was by the ease with which his horses drew it; that in tilling the platform he could easily do it with one hand, while with the Minneapolis he had to use both hands and all his strength. While he thought, as he always had, that the Minneapolis did good work, he had looked over the ground which each machine had passed over, and certainly thought the McCormack had done the best work, especially where the straw was lodged and twisted.

Mr. Carr then came along, and in presence of a number of witnesses, assured Mr. Sutherland that the trouble with the Minneapolis people should never cost him a cent, and with a hearty good-bye to Mr. Sutherland we drove back to Romeo, the Democrat man keeping the party lively. If you want lots of fun, go to a trial of harvesters. It is better than a circus.

WOOL.

(From Wool and Textile Fabrics.)

Whatever may be the truth of an aphorism usually applied to leather, it would not be inopportune at the present moment, under the singular and unique combination of circumstances at work in the wool market, to say—"There is nothing like wool." The produce of wool in England is about five and a half million tons per annum, and this year the value of the wool at the opening of the season was about 22 3/4 per ton, whereas, in 1872—exactly ten years ago—it was at the opening of the season about 50s 9 1/2 per ton. During this period there has been a great decimation of flocks, which has proved a most serious loss; but this loss has had its baneful force terribly increased by the remarkable circumstance that, side by side with the falling off in the quantity produced, there has occurred a still more remarkable fall in the price of wool—a fall so great as not to be equalled in the present generation, if even within the memory of men now living. The decrease in the production may, to a great extent, be due to bad management, and to the want of proper care of flocks; but still, the greatest factor has been undoubtedly the wretchedly wet character of the seasons, which not only caused a scarcity of grass foods, but the herbage was also rendered unpalatable, the green food being little better than transformed water. Where dry and expensive foods could not, by the pressure of circumstances, be given to sheep, the animals developed poorness of blood which induced frightful activity on the part of liver flukes, which parasitic affection carried off thousands of animals. This wholesale rotting of sheep led the agricultural mind into a process of reasoning with which some are wont to solace themselves during an unfavorable season—namely, that if the harvest is bad and well-nigh fails, the prices of what little is secured will be proportionately enhanced. But this dream, wherever it was cherished, has thus far been doomed to disappointment. At first, low quotations were set down to the quality of the produce, which in many cases was almost totally unfit for man's use; but good wool, good prices will return," but good wool, in fact wool of exceptional excellence, has been produced for at least two seasons, but high prices have not yet returned. Indeed, so far from this being the case, prices have sunk lower than ever. It comes to pass that taking the average production of wool in England at 5,500,000 tons per annum, the difference in value at the present moment to what it was ten years ago is something enormous. Ten years ago the value of wool at the beginning of the season was about 50s 9 1/2 per ton, which would give £13,959,814 for 5,500,000 tons, whereas the same quantity at the present moment would be worth only £8,104,497, or a decrease in value of the year's production of no less than £7,855,187, which is equal to a decline of about sixty-two and a half per cent. That is to say, the sheep farmers of England alone, have during the last ten years lost an enormous and gradually augmenting yearly sum, the loss for this year alone, as shown above, being no less than £7,855,187. It is this loss of more than seven and three-quarter millions of money in the value of wool produce, that, combined with losses from other causes, has caused the depression to be so frightfully severe, and has withdrawn so many hundreds of farms from the hands of tenants and thrown them into those of the landlords. We must not, however, overlook the fact that changes in fashion have had a great deal if not all to do with this state of affairs, and that the fabrics at present in vogue are not suitable for the consumption of English wool as a whole; nor have the agricultural classes been alone in their losses; while the needy and hard-pressed growers have been compelled to sell their wools at whatever they would fetch, the well-to-do have been no better off, for, although they have been holding over from year to year, it has only been to see wool worth less and less each year, thus adding loss to loss. If many of those well-to-do sheep farmers were to realize at the price current at the present moment, it is safe to say that the loss would be enormous, and something hitherto almost unknown. But they are by no means alone. Large consumers at Bradford and elsewhere, finding wools declining, had bought freely until stocks had accumulated to such an extent that, great as was the yearly loss in the matter of interest, so serious was the matter of depreciation that as a matter of protection they were obliged to hold on all the longer. As yet no relief has come; the depression and the remarkably low values still continue, and they will have to hold on still in the hope that the tide will at length turn in their favor. At the present moment the circumstances would seem to indicate that the ebb had reached its limit, and that the tide was about to turn. A very slight rise has been experienced from the lowest point, but there are no signs of any rapid rise in values, and "leaps and bounds" are not yet to be recorded. "Tis an unhealthy price," is the expression often on the lips of buyers and consumers; and although many would be glad to find wool averaging 15s per lb, as a more healthy price, even this does not seem probable in the immediate future.

Colonial supplies are plentiful; the present fashions favor them; they don't suit English wools; and, although the latter are produced in much less quantities, it seems clear that until there is a change in the kind of fabrics at present in demand, there is little or no hope of any very great improvement or any great rise in the price of the raw English produce. Whether under the circumstances wool ought to be held, is a matter upon which it is difficult to form anything like a correct judgment. Prices are undoubtedly remarkably low, and wool is favorable, as far as quality goes, for holding; but as to the wisdom of extensive speculative transactions, that is a matter of great uncertainty and doubt, and in the judgment of many not to be entered into until some further indications than have yet appeared have been given of a decided change in the existing conditions.

Stock Notes.

JUDGE MARSTON, in a note received from him the other day, says: "Notwithstanding the wet and unfavorable weather, by advice from my farm, four Jersey calves have been dropped this month, three heifers and one bull, all sired by Farmer's Son. As the dam of this bull calf is my prize cow imported Rose of Orange—thus combining the blood of Regina and Farmer's Glory—I shall keep him in service, and will name him Regina's Glory of Riverside. None of the above calves are for sale."

MR. WM. BALL, of Hamburg, has sold to Mr. John McKay, of Romeo, Macomb County, the finely bred Young Phyllis cow Lot 34, by Treble Mazurka 25045, out of Lot 34 by Tremble 13060. Lots by Muscaroon 7087, leading to Imp. Young Phyllis by Fairfax (1023). Also the Young Mary cow Larkie by Conquest 3254; Elsie by Dick Taylor 3508; Sally Moore by Imp. Challenger 324, running to Imp. Young Mary by Jupiter (2170), and her heifer calf by the Rose of Sharon Bull Duke of Crow Farm 38382.

Thus we fou

Horticultural.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

LANSING, July 23, '83.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Allow me through your paper, again to jog the minds of your readers, especially those interested in pomology, that the American Pomological Society is to meet on September 12th, in Philadelphia. Michigan usually takes an interest in these meetings and sends a delegation, and when she sends a collection of fruit never fails to come off with honors. It is not improbable that the next meeting, in two years from September, can be secured for our State. Everything now indicates a fine attendance. President Wilder will doubtless be present. How many local horticultural societies of our State will be represented?

Truly yours,

W. J. BEAL, Sec'y.

PROGRAMME OF BUSINESS.

Hours of Meeting.

Wednesday, 10 o'clock in the morning

and 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Thursday, 9 o'clock in the morning and

3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Friday, 9 o'clock in the morning and

3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Rules of speaking. Five minutes, and

no person to speak more than twice on the

same subject, without unanimous con-

sent.

Wednesday, 10 A. M. Introductory exer-

cises; appointment of committees—

viz., on credentials, on nomination of of-

ficers, on record of fruits exhibited, on

award of medals, on resolutions. 3 P. M.

President's address; reports of committee

on credentials and on nomination of of-

ficers; election of officers; reception of

treasurer's report; appointment of a place

for the next meeting of the Society.

Thursday, 9 A. M. Reports of standing

committees; discussion of the value of

fruits enumerated in the catalogue, as in-

dicated by stars, to be called by the

Secretary in alphabetical order, as fol-

lows: Small fruits, grapes, peaches, pears

and apples. At the close of each division

statements relative to new varieties will

be received. 3 P. M. Continuation of

morning session.

Friday, 9 A. M. Reports of committees

on fruits exhibited; reception of essays;

continuation of discussion on value of

fruits, and resolutions. 3 P. M. Com-

pletion of business; adjournment. 6 P. M.

Banquet.

Ensigns.

The following named gentlemen (the

list is alphabetically arranged) will pre-

pare papers:

Hon. P. J. Berckmans, president of the

Georgia Horticultural Society.

Prof. T. J. Burrill, Illinois Industrial

University, on Diseases of Plants.

Prof. J. L. Budd, Iowa Agricultural

College, on Experimental Horticulture

west of the Lakes.

Col. N. J. Coleman, editor of the Rural

World, Missouri, on Utilizing our Fruits.

Prof. J. Henry Comstock, Cornell Uni-

versity, on Insects of the Orchard.

Dr. W. G. Farlow, professor of crypto-

gamitic botany, Harvard University, on

Fruit Diseases (insects and mildews).

Chas. A. Green, editor of the Fruit

Gleaner, on Ceratias and uncertainties.

Samuel Hays, Esq., Atlanta, Georgia,

on the Effect of the Evening Sun on Fruit

Trees.

Byron D. Halstead, D. Sc., editor of the

American Agriculturist, on Fungus.

Josiah Hoopes, Esq., Ex-President of

Fruit Growers Society of Pennsylvania,

on Peach Culture in Pennsylvania.

Prof. W. R. Lazenby, Ohio State Uni-

versity, on Dichogamy in Cultivated

Plants; c., noting examples where the

stamens of a flower mature before the

silica or the stigmas before the stamens.

Hon. T. T. Lyon, President Michigan

State Horticultural Society, on How can

we best maintain a high standard of

quality in fruits, as against the tendencies

of commercial pomology.

J. C. Plumb, Esq., Milton, Wisconsin.

Prof. C. V. Riley, U. S. Entomologist,

on Recent advances in Horticultural En-

tomology.

Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, Director of

the New York Experiment Station, on

Some things the State can do for Horti-

cultural Society.

Prof. S. M. Tracy, Missouri University,

Secretary of the Mississippi Valley Hor-

ticultural Society.

THE PINEAPPLE.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., July 30, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you, or some of the readers of the

FARMER, give a description of the pineap-

ple?

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Pineapple (*Ananas sativus*) is a biennial

plant, growing in tropical countries.

The plant has a stem from two to three

feet high, from which branches long,

slender leaves, covered with small spines.

The leaves form a cluster around the

stem, and on the stem is produced the

fruit. It is a singular plant, from the fact

that it rarely produces seeds in a cultivated

state, but in ripening the cluster of flow-

ers produced on the stem becomes enor-

mously enlarged, and, when fully ripened,

very succulent and sweet, with a highly

flavored juice. It will be seen, therefore,

that the so-called fruit is only an aggre-

gation of various parts grown into a mass.

It is called a syncarpous or collective

fruit. In the temperate climates the fruit

is successfully grown under glass, and

surpasses in size and flavor that grown in

the tropics, where but little attention is

paid to its cultivation. A number of

varieties have been brought out by cul-

tivators, which are propagated by suckers,

or from crowns. New varieties are pro-

duced by planting the seed, generally ob-

tained from the wild plant, and selecting

the finest specimens.

Some insect Preventives.

E. L. Sturtevant, of the N. Y. Experi-

mental Station, says:

We have found strong tobacco water a

satisfactory remedy for the cabbage flea-

beetle, *Altica striolata*. This is the spiny

little black bug or flea, which is so de-

structive to the young plants of cabbage,

radish and turnips. We found that un-

less the tobacco-water is made as strong

as it can be made by soaking tobacco

leaves in cold water. It will not avail.

We also found that by steeping the tobacco

in warm water we obtained a stronger de-

coction.

Our experiments with the striped bug

or cucumber beetle, *gallica vittata*, indi-

cate that tobacco-water is of little avail

with this insect. We also tried placing

corn cobs dipped in coal tar along the

vines. As will appear from the results

noted, this noxious substance apparently

drives away the greater part of the beetles.

Thus we found 28 beetles on 29 plants of

squash on which no preventive had been used, while on 43 plants about which cobs dipped in the coal-tar had been placed, we could find but 16 beetles. Turpentine and kerosene oil used in the same way as the coal tar gave about parallel results. Last year we used slaked lime with excellent results, and this season we have used ground limestone, containing Paris green at the rate of one part to one hundred by weight, with apparently complete success. Whether the poison adds to the efficacy of the ground limestone or not we have not ascertained. It is necessary to repeat the application as often as it is removed by wind or rain, until the plants are so far advanced as to be beyond the reach of the insects.

Last season we destroyed the nests of the Tent caterpillar, *Cistiocampa Americana*, by rubbing them with a swab wetted with turpentine. This liquid destroys the worms as soon as it touches them, and it is usually not difficult to reach the nests by using a pole of moderate length. The aphides which appeared upon the apple trees in the spring, and which threatened the entire destruction of the crop, were destroyed by a timely rain. These insects can be destroyed by the application of a strong solution of tobacco, and when they appear in abundance the orchardist must endure the expense and inconvenience of sprinkling his trees if he would check their ravages. The protection of insect-eating birds should be considered a duty by all, but whatever course may be adopted, and whatever may be applied, the farmer must ever remember, that in dealing with most insects, eternal vigilance is the only safety.

How to Protect Fruit from Insects.

Fruit and forest trees, shrubbery, vines, and flowers have been more infested with bugs and worms this year in this part of the country than for a long time, and gardeners are put to their wits' end to know to get rid of their enemy.

The advice given below is selected from the writings of experienced horticulturists, and *Forest, Forge and Farm* recommends the trial of some of the remedies:

"Oils of all kinds are deadly to most insects. Kerosene can only be used by diluting with water. To mix oils with water, first combine them with milk, then dilute, as desired, with water. Sour beer and molasses attracts moths, spread on boards placed in the orchard or on trunks of trees. Paris green is very effective when it can be well applied; one pound mixed with 25 pounds of flour or plaster is sufficiently strong. Of London purple use only one pound by weight to 50 parts of flour or plaster. The common ground beetles, the lace-winged flies, and the well known 'lady bugs,' are old friends of the horticulturist, and should be protected.

As regards the noxious insects the codling moth ranks, for destructiveness, nearly at the top of the list. Paper or cloth bands are used, applied every ten days through spring and early summer, and in connection with the use of a proper wash. The apple tree borers, of which there are several kinds, are enemies of the apple, the quince, and some other trees.

When observed, cut the larvae out with a knife and place a sheet of tarred roofing felt about the collar of the trees to prevent further ravages. Dustings of lime are effective with the cherry and pear slugs, abundant in moist regions, such as about Puget Sound. The plum curculio is an enemy that at present cannot be conquered. There is no remedy known except the jarring process, to commence as soon as the fruit sets, and jar the tree three times a week for a month. This shakes off the curculio bit-ten fruit, and it should be gathered up and destroyed. The steel blue beetle known as the grape leaf beetle, nips the vine in the bud; the larvae feed on the leaves in the summer. The beetles are jarred off the vines in the early morning, over an inverted umbrella, or line is used; for the larvae, alum water. One ounce of alum to a gallon of warm water destroys the strawberry worm; so does white hellebore. Hand-picking is about the only remedy for the gooseberry fruit worm. The current borer is troublesome. Cut out and burn all infested branches. Do the same with the raspberry twig girdler."

The Currant Borer.

The American Cultivator says: One variety of currant borers is an importation from Europe, where it has long proved troublesome. In the larval state it burrows up and down the interior of the stems, making them so hollow and weak that they frequently break in spring from the weight of the foliage when away from the action of the wind. The parent of this destructive larva, according to William Saunders, is a pretty, wasp-like moth, which measures, when its wings are expanded, about three-quarters of an inch across. The body is a bluish-black color, the abdomen being crossed by three narrow golden bands, while on the thorax and at the base of the wings are streaks of a similar color. The wings are transparent, but veined and bordered with brownish-black with a coppery lustre. The moth appears about the middle of June, when it may be found in the hot sunshine, darting about with a rapid flight, sipping the nectar of flowers or basking on the leaves, alternately expanding and closing its fan-like tail or searching for suitable places in which to deposit its eggs. The female lays her eggs singly near the buds, where in a few days they hatch into small larvae, which eat their way to the centre of the stem, where they burrow up and down, feeding on the pith all through the summer, enlarging the channel as they grow older, until at last they have formed a hollow several inches in length. When full grown, the larva is whitish and fleshy, of cylindrical form, with brown head and legs, and a dark line along the middle of its back. Before changing to a chrysalis a passage is eaten nearly through the stem, leaving merely the thin outer skin unbroken, thus preparing the way for the escape of the moth. Within this cavity the larva changes to a chrysalis. Early in June the chrysalis wriggles itself forward, and pushing against the thin skin covering its place of retreat, ruptures it, and then partly thrusts itself out of the opening, where in a short time the moth bursts

its prison-house and escapes, soon depositing eggs, from which larvae are hatched, which carry on the work of destruction. When the hollow stems do not break off, indications of the presence of the borers may be found in the sickly look of the leaves and the inferior size of the fruit. Among the remedies suggested are the following: In the autumn or spring all stems found hollow should be cut out and burned. During the period when the moths are on the wing they may often be captured and destroyed in the cool of the morning, at which time they are comparatively sluggish. The American currant borer is the larva of a beetle, which, although belonging to an entirely different order from the imported borer, previously described, yet is very similar in its habits. It may be distinguished by its smaller size and by the absence of feet. This is a small, white, cylindrical, footless larva, with a brown head and black legs, which also feeds upon the pith of the stems, rendering them hollow and often killing them. Usually several, sometimes as many as eight or ten, of these borers are found within the same cane. The change to a chrysalis takes place within the stalk, and in the latter part of May or early in June the perfect insect escapes. This is a small, narrow, cylindrical, brownish beetle. The wing cases are of a darker brown behind the middle. The antennae are slender and nearly as long as the body. The beetle flies during the day, but is much less active than the European specimen, hence more easily captured. The cutting out and burning of the infested stalks is also recommended in this instance.

Requisites for a Successful Hedge.

In answer to a correspondent, the Country Gentleman enumerates the following essentials to a fine, well grown hedge:

"Instead of an uneven soil encumbered with clods and sods, it should be deep, clean and mellow, so that all the plants may grow alike without failure. In setting out a thousand plants, for instance, every one should grow without a single one being lost, as will be the case under good treatment."

"Every plant should be examined to see that it is healthy and will afford vigorous growth, and all doubtful ones rejected, or planted in a seed bed for another year. If the plants are not uniform in size, sort them into different grades, so that all of equal size may be placed together, which will give a handsome uniform line. Those of second size will be planted separately, and they will also give a uniform hedge. If no care is taken and they are set with large and small promiscuously together, the line of the young hedge will be irregular."

"Clean cultivation is more important than any other single requisite. The most common cause of failure is allowing the line of young hedge plants to become encumbered and choked with weeds and grass. For the first few years a breadth of at least three feet on each side—six feet in all—should be kept clean and mellow by the frequent passage of a horse and cultivator through the season. The labor and expense will be very small, and will result in all the difference between success and failure."

"A good hedge must have a close, thick growth from the bottom upward. A neglect or an insufficient performance of this work is the cause of many poor hedges, made up of long-legged plants, with a thin growth, and with openings at bottom. It is well to allow the young plants unobstructed growth for a year, or two years, that they may become strongly established. Then cut them down within three inches of the ground, causing a profusion of side shoots to spring out and form an impenetrable bottom. It is absolutely essential that this work be done early in spring, before the buds swell, or a serious if not fatal check will be given to the hedge. The only time when summer-cutting is admissible, is when the hedge has reached a good size, and some check is required to prevent its running up too tall."

"There is one essential requisite for success in hedge making, when the sub-soil is liable to become filled with water, not mentioned in the early part of the article, namely, underdraining. The ditch may run parallel with the hedge and a few feet from it. A dry subsoil will prevent the winter-killing of such half-hardy plants as the Osage orange, where a wet bottom would prove fatal in cold winters."

Wild Gardens.

A growing and commendable feature of ornamentation is the constantly increasing introduction of wild gardens on private grounds. It is always praiseworthy to make the most of the plants of one's own country, and especially those of his State or neighborhood. The wild garden receives more attention in Europe than America, although it seems to be constantly growing in favor in this country. To the farmer the value of a wild garden lies chiefly in the ease with which it is cared for and in the adaptability to that purpose of any waste or wet piece of ground. A wild garden is necessarily a rustic affair, where vacancies and irregularities do not mar its general effect. It needs little care other than to keep down some of the more troublesome weeds, and to prevent the stronger plants from crowding out the weaker ones.

The previous vegetation should be thoroughly subdued, however, before even a wild garden is attempted. If the land is low it will probably be occupied by a strong sod of sedges or grasses which must be entirely eradicated before one can expect pleasant results from transplanted species. The next important problem is to secure plants which will thrive in the selected location. This is best done by removing plants from places which have a similar amount of moisture, and the same exposure to winds and sun as has the spot selected. This is a pleasant work for most children. Every child should early learn to love and observe some class of natural objects, whether plants, birds or insects it matters little.

The familiarity with living objects is a great educator. If properly pursued one gains a power of discrimination and ob-

servations from a study of plants or birds or insects which he can get in no other avocation. The detection of wild flowers for a garden is one of the very best means of inducing this desirable liking for nature. Were this the sole object a wild garden might be made a source of great profit to children and to home. How to amuse and busy the children when father and mother are not at leisure is a problem which may often find a solution here. Aside from this educational and salutary aspect, however, a wild garden may be made a charming, attractive place. Most or all of the plants will be perennials, and there will be no trouble in keeping good roots of most of them, especially if lightly mulched each autumn. Of course, a wild garden should not be in a conspicuous place. All rough and rustic features of the premises should be hidden from the road or front yard. This will especially be the case if the wild garden is built up largely with rocks—American Cultivator.

Pie Fruit.

In the American Grocer we learn that the above is the name given to a fruit that is canned without using sugar. It approaches more in taste and flavor to the natural fruit than does the fruit processed with sugar, and the reason for this is that a fruit processed only in its own juices is modified in taste only by the heat it is subjected to, and this is less in degree than when combined with sugar, and the time required for the purpose is less—the general rule being that about twelve minutes is required to process the natural fruit, while if syrup is used, one minute, on an average, is allowed for each degree of syrup, so that with a syrup of 35 degrees, the time of processing would be 35 minutes, or nearly three times as long as the natural fruit, which means that it is subject to the boiling point three times as long as the natural fruit, and during this period its juices are to a large degree altered in flavor and perhaps radically changed in their nature by the combined action of the heat and syrup, and there remains very little taste can detect of these elements that gave special character to the original fruit. The name "pie fruit" is an unfortunate one and could probably be changed to some other that would better designate its character, and suggest a more extensive field of usefulness. At present it is scarcely known, except to pie bakers and hotel keepers, who use it largely. If, however, those who are engaged in the canning business were more generally consider themselves as canners of fresh fruit, and not principally as manufacturers of preserves; and, if for canning the natural fruit they would use just as good fruit as they use for the syrup fruits, and then abolish the name of pie fruits, which is naturally an offence to many people, and substitute some other name that will more truthfully designate and recommend it, there is every reason to suppose that there would be, in a short time, a large demand for it among all classes of people; and this demand would arise without interfering with the usual and increasing demand for syrup fruits. Another consideration that should recommend these fruits to the mass of people is their great cheapness. They cost less than half the price of syrup fruits, as the canner is saved the expense of sugar; and, owing to the shorter time needed for processing them, can turn out from his factory a much larger product in a day than he can of syrup fruits. This latter is an important matter with him when the fruit season is at its height, and the fruit liable to accumulate faster than the factory can dispose of it. Some of these fruits are quite acid, and may need to be sweetened when eaten. This would be a matter of individual choice, and would not change their value materially as an acid or an anti-scorbutic food, for there is quite a difference between using sweetening this way and that of processing the fruit with it at a high temperature, and during a considerable period of time. Another recommendation for the use of these fruits at table as a sauce, or as a partial substitute for vegetables, is that possibly, by their use in that way, there would be a diminished use of desserts in shape of pies and puddings. The American table is too rich in carbonaceous matter, its food is too heating, and simple acid fruits are its great need.

Horticultural Notes.

W. D. PHILBRICK, in the New England Farmer, says it is well known that a thrifty strawberry runner, set in August, will grow larger berries for exhibition than can be grown in any other way.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Western Agriculturist says a tablespoonful of saltpetre dissolved in a gallon of water and the solution applied to grape vines, will check the ravages of the rose-bug. This remedy might be worth trying.

STRAWBERRIES vary wonderfully on different soils. The best way is not to plant much of any particular sort without first testing its adaptability to the proposed soil and location. There will then be fewer tales of financial disaster and defeat.

It is said that weeds may be destroyed for years by copious watering with a solution of lime and sulphur in boiling hot water. This, if effectual, will be highly important to such as have garden gravel walks, pavements, etc., through which grass and weeds grow up.

At a late meeting of a local horticultural society in Indiana, the statement was made the number of persons who have made profits in strawberry culture on a large scale was discouragingly small. Big fields are unprofitable; the most money is made from small plantations, well managed.

MR. GANZBORN, of Ann Arbor, at the last meeting of the Washtenaw County Pomological Society, said he considered the Big Bob strawberry a most worthless thing; he will plow under 5,000 plants this fall, and adds that the recommendation of this sort by a New York nurseryman did him one hundred dollars damage.

At the last meeting of the Washtenaw Co. Pomological Society, Emil Baup reported his first red raspberries to be of the Highland Hardy. Mr. J. D. Baldwin remarked that this berry, though very good, could not be raised profitably even if twenty cents per quart be realized, on account of its scanty bearing and softness.

At the last meeting of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society, most of the members reported a sudden and rapid decrease of the prospective apple crop. S. L. Fuller had measured off a number of instances a square foot of surface beneath the tree and counted more than 25 small apples that had fallen on the space.

The Canadian Horticulturist tells how to blanch celery: "To blanch easily and rapidly grow on your knees, astride the row; take a plant in one hand, shake it and squeeze it close to get out the earth from center, holding in one hand, with the other draw the earth up to the plant on that side, take the plant in other hand and draw earth on other side, after which let go of the plant and draw earth from both sides, pressing it against the plant. After your row is gone over and blanching, finish up with a hoe; two blanchings is enough; a sprinkling of salt along the rows has been found to be of advantage at the time of blanching."

Discussions on the growing of raspberries at the last meeting of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society brought out the following points: Now is the time to plant in the tops so as to stimulate a growth of strong laterals which can be used for fruit or for propagation of new plants from the tips. The successful tipping of raspberries depends upon the condition of the laterals; if they are ready to put in the ground the last inch of growth will be lighter colored. Cultivation should be continued through the season of fruiting if possible, particularly in time of drought. Mulching was not recommended as loyal to good culture. In answer as to best market berry, several agreed that the Gregg among black caps, and Cuthbert among the red berries were the best sorts to sell, while the Souhegan, Mammoth Cluster and Turner were best to eat.

JACKSON, Mich., Feb. 5, 1883.

DR. PENNELL:

Please send me \$6.00 worth of your valuable medicine. It is doing wonders for some ladies here, and for one in particular, who a year ago now was confined to her room, and most of the time to her bed. Every one said she had consumption. I knew she had disease, and she persuaded her to try it. In a few weeks there was a decided change; in a few more she let her hired help go, and has done her housework ever since, and walks every day a distance of a mile and a half.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. GEO. COREY.

As well expect life without air, as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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Began life 12 years ago under the name of

WOMAN'S FRIEND.

Without puffery, simply on the good words of those who have used it. It has made friends in every State in the Union.

NOT A CURE ALL.

But a gentle and sure remedy for all those complaints (no naming needed), which destroy the freshness and beauty, waste the strength, mar the happiness and usefulness of life.

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State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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P. B. BROMFIELD, Manager of Eastern Office, 150 Nassau St., New York.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 15,937 bu., and the shipments were 82,407. The stocks now held in this city amount to 451,523 bu., against 547,058 last week, and 105,492 the corresponding week in 1882. The visible supply of this grain on July 21 was 17,745,509 bu., against 18,170,321 bu. the previous week, and 10,942,368 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 421,812 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 839,964 bu., against 457,481 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 5,927,171 bu., against 7,526,136 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882.

The wheat market has been a slow and dragging one the past week, with values gradually working downwards. Trading was light, and the receipts have dwindled down to a very low point. The "bear" interest has been in the ascendancy, and long stories about big yields, fine prospects and an immense stock of old wheat to carry over into the new crop year, have scared the "bulls" off for the present. Under the lack of any demand it is only singular that the decline was not greater than it has been.

Yesterday the market for cash wheat was dull and neglected, and prices again declined. There was a little more activity in futures, but at a lower range of values. The Chicago market was in about the same condition as our own, showing a decline from Saturday's closing figures, but closing, as did our own, at about the best prices of the day and firmer.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from July 21 to July 30th.

No. 1 white.	No. 2 white.	No. 3 white.	No. 4 white.	No. 5 white.
July 21.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 22.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 23.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 24.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 25.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 26.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 27.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 28.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 29.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2
July 30.....	1.01 1/2	.97 1/2	.94 1/2	.91 1/2

Rejected wheat sold yesterday at 70c per bu., one week previous at 72c per bu.

Futures have attracted but little attention, and the market has ruled very quiet and weak. Until returns from the new crop, of a reliable character, have been received, there will be very little disposition to indulge in speculative purchases. The following table gives the closing prices of the various grades each day during the past week:

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday.....	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/2	1.11 1/2
Wednesday.....	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/2	1.11 1/2
Thursday.....	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/2	1.11 1/2
Friday.....	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/2	1.11 1/2
Saturday.....	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/2	1.11 1/2
Sunday.....	1.08 1/2	1.10 1/2	1.11 1/2

The weather has been very unfavorable for harvesting operations, and will undoubtedly result in serious damage to the crop. The fields are so soft from heavy rains that farmers find it impossible in many instances to put their reapers at work, and last week we saw dozens of fields in which the cradle was being used to harvest the crop. The wheat is generally dead ripe, and owing to the ground being too soft to sustain the roots a great deal of it has dropped over and lodged, making the work of securing it very slow and unsatisfactory. In nearly every field we examined more or less of the grain was blighted or shrunk, and mildew and rust was also present to a greater or less extent. It is probable that as Wisconsin, Ohio, and Illinois have also suffered from continuous rains, the crops in all those States have been more or less damaged, and that the results will only be fully apparent when the grain has been threshed out. As to the prospective outcome of the crop in the winter wheat States, the last Michigan State Report estimates the crop at 24,194,014 bush, against 23,315,400 bush. in 1882. The State Commissioner of Kentucky places the 1883 wheat crop at 10,000,000 bu.; the crop of 1882 was 17,250,000 bu. The Kansas State Report makes the wheat area of 1883 crop 1,500,000 acres, or 14 per cent larger than for the crop of 1882; estimated average of 1883 crop 17.00 bu., or an aggregate yield of 25,701,430 bu., against a yield of 1882 crop of 31,248,000 bu. The Illinois State estimate of wheat yield is 16,000,000 bu., against 53,000,000 bu. in 1882. The area sown was 51 per cent larger in 1883 than in 1882. The area plowed up has reduced area about five per cent below that of last year. The forthcoming August report of

the Ohio State Board, based upon returns of 864 townships, estimates the 1883 crop at 33,873,000 bu., or 53 per cent of last year's crop. It also states that threshing will probably reduce the yield to 50 per cent.

The five States above mentioned show a deficiency, compared with last season's crop, of fully 60,000,000 bu., and as the crops of Indiana and Wisconsin have also been injured, in the latter State especially, it is not too much to estimate a shortage of fully 80,000,000 bu. for the winter wheat states. California is said to have an excellent crop, and the yield is estimated at 53 millions of bushels, as compared with 37 1/2 millions last year.

Some 15 or 20 samples of wheat in the head were exhibited on the board of trade on Saturday, all from Iowa County. They were said to be fair samples of the crop in that county. Most of them showed the effects of a wet harvest. A few of the heads were mildewed, and the samples of white wheat were generally more or less injured, most of them seriously damaged. The heads of red wheat were in better condition, but had not entirely escaped injury. The crop in Macomb, Oakland, Wayne and Washtenaw Counties, has also suffered more or less in the same way, and reports received at this office from Eaton, Ottawa and Ingham also show great damage from the recent rains.

As to the European crop, the following from a French correspondent of *Traffon's Grain Circular*, published in London, is of interest:

"As regards us, and Europe in general, you will perceive now how much people have exaggerated in January in saying that one-third of the fields could not be cultivated.

"To-day, in my opinion, the exaggeration is on the opposite side in speaking of a good crop. I estimate that our wheat harvest will produce in quantity 25 to 30 per cent less than that of 1882; the greater also the case with England and the greater part of the Continent. It is, however, true that we are well stocked."

The same correspondent estimates the rye crop of France as fully a third less than that of 1882.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	July 23.	July 30.
Flour, extra State.....	12s. 0 d.	12s. 0 d.
do No. 1.....	11s. 8 d.	11s. 8 d.
do Spring No. 2.....	9s. 0 d.	9s. 0 d.
do Western new.....	9s. 0 d.	9s. 0 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were nothing, and the shipments were 5,711 bu. The visible supply in the country on July 21 amounted to 11,481,560 bu., against 11,612,418 bu. at the previous week, and 6,021,954 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 9,122,870 bu., against 953,562 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 139,858 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 1,902 bu., against 6,280 bu. last week, and 36,016 at the corresponding date in 1882. The receipts of corn in this market have entirely ceased for the past eight days, consequently there is very little trading in this grain. Last sales were at 53c per bu. for No. 2, and quotations are nominal at those figures. What it would actually bring could only be decided by offering the grain. The Chicago market has shown considerable strength the past week, prices advancing on both spot and futures. At the close, however, a weaker feeling set in, and prices are again back to about the same range as a week ago. No. 2 corn is quoted at 51c. In futures July is quoted at 51c, August at 50 1/2c, September at 50c, and October at same figures. The growing crop of coarse attracts the attention of dealers at present, and its decidedly mixed condition makes the situation very unsatisfactory. While some States, or rather some counties in various States, report everything favorable for a large yield, the general condition of the crop is anything but promising. In our own State, wherever the fields are on low land the prospect is a blue one for the farmer. Large fields have been entirely submerged the past week, and the ground thoroughly soaked with water. In such places there is little hope of the crop recovering from the effect of this unusual state of affairs.

On high ground, some fields are quite promising, but still very backward. The Department of Agriculture's July report estimates the area of the corn crop of 1883 at 68,304,683 acres. Average condition 88, against 85 in July, 1882, 90 in July, 1881, 100 in July, 1880. The averages in the principal States are as follows: Eighty-four in New York, 89 in Pennsylvania, 83 in Ohio, 73 in Michigan, 90 in Indiana, 82 in Illinois, 98 in Kansas, 87 in Nebraska and 75 in Dakota. The Southern States range from 90 in Tennessee to 103 in Louisiana. These estimates are up to July 1st, and in many of the States the outlook is less promising now than then. It is evident, from the complete cessation of shipments from the interior, that farmers have concluded to hold on to what corn they have until they are assured of the outcome of the new crop. In the English markets corn has advanced the past week, and is very firm. In Liverpool on Saturday new mixed American corn was quoted at 5s. 7 1/2d., against 5s. 3d. one week previous, with a firmer market.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 31,184 bu., and the shipments were 1,605 bu. The visible supply of this grain on July 21 was 3,702,838 bu., against 1,187,294 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. Stocks in this city yesterday amounted to 13,234 bu., against 14,230 bu. the previous week, and 11,885 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 237,009 bu. The oat market has been a weak and declining one for some days, owing to increased receipts, the near approach of the time when the new crop will begin to come forward, and the generally recognized fact that the crop will be a fair one. No. 2 oats have sold down to 38c per bu. in this market, and even at that price no one seems to want many. What the new crop will bring is problematical, as old oats will be generally called for until the new become well dried. In Chicago a

few cars of the new crop have been received, but no offers were made for them. No. 2 oats are quoted there at 29c per bu. In futures July is selling at 30c per bu., August at 27c, September at 26c, and October at 25c. These figures show how dealers expect the market to rule in the future, and it is evident every one looks for lower prices. In New York the market is quoted lower but prices fairly active. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 white, 40c; No. 2 white, 43c; No. 1 white, 53c; Western white, 43c; No. 1 mixed, 48c; No. 2 mixed, 40c; No. 1 mixed, 41c; Western mixed, 38c; No. 2 Chicago, 41c per bu.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter keeps very quiet, but there is a little firmer feeling among holders of choice cream, which is now held at 16c 1/2 per lb., sellers usually getting at the price figures. Creamery is in demand at 20c 1/2 per lb., to meet local wants. The lower grades are dull and unsettled, with no reliable quotations to be had. Receipts are ample to meet all requirements, except for choice. A large amount of good butter goes directly to consumers from makers' hands, and this is becoming more general every day. In Chicago the market is reported as steady for fine stock, but dull and unsatisfactory for the lower grades. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 20c 1/2; choice do, 17c; fair do, 15c; good do, 13c; common do, 11c 1/2.

New York market has been fairly active the past week, but prices on most grades have given way a little. The export demand keeps up well, and the only accumulations are in the lower grades. Quotations on New State stock in that market are as follows: Fancy creamery, 22c 1/2; prime choice do, 20c 1/2; fair to good do, 17c 1/2; ordinary do, 16c 1/2; fancy tubs and pails, 21c; fine do, 20c; good do, 17c 1/2; and fair do, 15c 1/2 per lb. Quotations on new western are as follows:

	July 23.	July 30.
Western imitation creamery, choice.....	16 c	16 c
Western do, good to prime.....	15 c 1/2	15 c 1/2
Western do, ordinary to fair.....	14 c	14 c
Western dairy, good.....	13 c 1/2	13 c 1/2
Western dairy, best current make.....	14 c	14 c
Western factory, fair to good.....	11 c 1/2	11 c 1/2
Western factory, ordinary.....	9 c	9 c

The *N. Y. Daily Bulletin*, in its weekly review of the market, says:

"As the receipts are quite small the steady tone of the market for fine and attractive grades is well preserved and former rates are current. Outside figures, however, in all cases represent exceptional goods only, and are made merely in a jobbing way. Strictly fancy Western creamery cannot be reached for less than 21c 1/2, and some dealers are laying away an occasional lot against possible future wants. Western goods in the way of all very uncertain on home account, as the quality barely runs up to the necessary standard, while the foreign buyer also finds fault with the condition and will not venture to handle them at the rates asked. Together the exports for the week will run up pretty full, reaching over 3,000 pkgs for Great Britain and 1,100 for Continent, with more engaged for next week, and this certainly is an encouraging feature."

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending July 21 were 737,679 lbs., against 617,778 lbs. the previous week, and 899,923 lbs. two weeks previous.

Our local cheese market is entirely devoid of interest, with values ranging about the same as last week, namely 11c 1/2 to 14c per lb. for choice full cream State stock, and 10c 1/2 to 12c for second quality. The demand is light, but is sufficient, in the face of present receipts, to maintain prices. In other markets there is a more satisfactory feeling. In Chicago the market is quoted firmer and more active, especially on fine stock. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, 9c 1/2; 9c 1/2; full cream flats, 9c 1/2; 9c 1/2; common to fair skims, 8c 1/2; 8c 1/2; low grades, 1c 3/4 per lb. The New York market was dull early in the week, but recovered towards the close, and shows a slight advance on fine stock over the prices ruling the previous week. Quotations in that market are as follows:

	July 23.	July 30.
State factory, fancy colored.....	10c 1/2	10c 1/2
State factory, fine faded white.....	10c 1/2	10c 1/2
State factory, prime.....	8c 1/2	8c 1/2
State factory, fair to good.....	7c 1/2	7c 1/2
State factory, ordinary.....	7c 1/2	7c 1/2
Ohio cheddar, fair.....	8c 1/2	8c 1/2
Ohio flats, good to prime.....	8c 1/2	8c 1/2
Ohio flats, ordinary.....	8c 1/2	8c 1/2
Creamery skims, choice.....	5c 1/2	5c 1/2
Creamery skims, good.....	5c 1/2	5c 1/2
Creamery skims, fair.....	4c 1/2	4c 1/2
Skims, poor.....	4c 1/2	4c 1/2

The *N. Y. Bulletin* of Saturday says of the market:

"For colored goods the tone is about steady at 10c 1/2 to 10c, while strictly fancy dead white really shows an improvement, 10c 1/2 being obtained without difficulty, and even 10c 1/2 touched in a few cases. These rates do not cover the faint shades of so-called white, though even the latter are at less discount, and with nothing but their color against them, do very fairly. Off-flavored stock has a somewhat irregular sale, from 9c down, but the chances are that only the inferior parcels will carry over. The latter have no natural demand and a nominal value only. Generally the market is in fair form, though shippers assert that up to the close they have received no really stimulating accounts from abroad."

The exports of cheese from all American ports for the week ending July 21 foot up 9,918,023 lbs., against 10,151,497 lbs. the previous week, and 6,532,469 two weeks ago.

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 53s. per cwt. for choice American cheese, an advance of 2s. per cwt. over prices reported one week ago.

On Saturday last an earthquake struck the little island of Ischia, in the Mediterranean, and completely wrecked a town much used as a watering place, called Casamicciola. It is reported that 3,000 people were killed, and over 1,000 wounded.

CATTLE are scarce in Michigan. We noticed butchers from Pontiac, Wyandotte and St. Clair in the market on Saturday, purchasing cattle to be taken to those points to supply the local meat trade.

WOOL.

There has been an active demand for wool the past week in the eastern markets, and sales have been quite heavy. In Boston 3,773,400 lbs of domestic and 274,000 lbs of foreign were disposed of, a total of 4,047,000 lbs for the week, as compared with 3,744,900 lbs for the corresponding week last year. The receipts of wool in Boston the past week were 23,127 bales of domestic and 404 bales of foreign. For the same week last year they were 21,658 bales of domestic and 877 bales of foreign. The sales of washed fleeces in that market the past week included 124,400 lbs Ohio and Pennsylvania XX and above at 37c; 103,500 lbs old Ohio XX and above at 36c; 5,000 lbs heavy Pennsylvania XX at 35c; 43,500 lbs Ohio X at 34c; 3,800 lbs old New York X at 33c; 3,000 lbs N. H. X at 32c; 10,000 lbs No. 1 Ohio at 31c; 4,000 lbs No. 2 New York at 30c; 60,000 lbs medium Wisconsin at 29c; 89,000 lbs various at 28c 1/2. The sales of combed and delaine fleeces comprised 138,100 pounds fine and No. 1 combed at 42c 1/2; 141,000 lbs fine delaine at 40c 1/2; 17,000 lbs low medium combed at 35c 1/2; 17,000 lbs Kentucky 3/4 combed at 30c 1/2. The *Bulletin* of that city says of the market:

"The present position of the market is fairly indicated by the following comparisons between to-day's quotations and last year's prices of three or four descriptions of fleeces:

	July 23, 1883.	July 23, 1882.
Ohio No. 1.....	38c 3/4	41c 3/4
Ohio No. 2.....	36c 3/4	39c 3/4
Ohio No. 3.....	34c 3/4	37c 3/4
Ohio No. 4.....	32c 3/4	35c 3/4

"But while manufacturers consider it wise to protect themselves by fair purchases of stock at present rates they are still affected somewhat by the conservative tone of the trade and the unsatisfactory state of the goods market. The smaller difference between this year's and last year's values of Ohio XX, than of the other grades quoted is due to the fact that Ohio wools are running better this year than last, while Michigan fleeces are not averaging quite as well."

Among the unwashed wools sold this week 13,000 lbs. fine Michigan at 26c, 5,400 lbs. fine Ohio at 27c.

In New York the market is slower than in Boston, and buyers still act as if they were afraid of wool at present prices. All the same some manufacturers are quietly absorbing large quantities of wool of the best grades, knowing that the time to buy anything cheap is while others are neglecting it. Prices in that market are unchanged, but are certainly stronger than two weeks ago. The *Daily Bulletin* says:

"There has been quite a full business this week in Texas wools, with the sprinkling of Territory stock, and while sellers claim no advance they report little or no difficulty in realizing former figures. Fleeces have secured some attention, but do not appear very anxiously or generally sought after as yet. Advice from the west represents growers and local dealers as somewhat stiffer in their views, and on the better assortments gradually advancing their limit of value. In carpet wools there is a steady demand, and one or two holders think they can discover signs of slightly increasing interest."

The bulk of the sales of wool in that market, with the exception of Texas and Territory wools, are reported as on "private terms," sellers probably being afraid to "excite the market" by giving the price paid. It is safe to put down all such sales as being above the quoted price of the grades sold. The *U. S. Economist* says of the market:

"There has been a more general demand from manufacturers to buy the better class of medium wools, such as Texas, and purchases have been effected at prices showing no essential change. Low wools are being sold at a discount, and the west represent growers and local dealers as somewhat stiffer in their views, and on the better assortments gradually advancing their limit of value. In carpet wools there is a steady demand, and one or two holders think they can discover signs of slightly increasing interest."

There are a few sales of Michigan X reported at 30c, and New York State at 32c 1/2. The *Economist* is also inclined to believe that the Boston papers are inflating the sales of wool in that city, and says:

"We see that in Boston last week about the sales were 300,000 Georgia wool. Now, anybody who knows anything about the quantity of wool grown in Georgia, which is very limited, is aware that if all sales of reported wool in Boston are for Georgia wool, then of what avail are such foolish and false statements as a half million of pounds of Georgia sold in one week. We can now know how much fall to put on Boston sales, but we hope they will not report such a large sale of wool as that. It is something like the sales of Australian wool. We see in them from season to season sales which generally amount to about ten times the quantity imported from Australia."

We learn from various sources that quite a number of the wool growers of the State yet have their clips on hand, rightly deciding that good washed wool at 30c 1/2 will return as good interest as money in the bank at 5 per cent. If business opens out well for the fall trade, the chances are good for an advance in wool.

HOPS.

The near approach of the time when the new crop will make its appearance in market lends some additional interest to the trade at present. So far as we can see, the prospect for a fair crop is very good, and there will be a considerable quantity to get rid of in some way besides what are needed for home consumption. Holders undoubtedly begin to think this way, and are beginning to close out stocks at low prices that cost them a great deal of money. The *Waterville Times* says:

"Though there is more doing there is no improvement in prices on this market. A commission man, who is well posted, says there are 900 bales in Sangerfield and Marshall now. Mr. Woodhull, of Madison, sold 70 bales, Wednesday, to a firm here at 20 cents which cost him \$1. Thomas, Gravel sold to the same firm, yesterday, 150 bales at 12c, which cost him 60 cents up. One or two minor transactions have transpired. Holders look at the constantly declining market with dread, and see little hopes of its recovery, as in fact there seems to be none except through severe injury to a large part of the crop. A year ago this week hops were selling freely at 50 cents, and over 400 bales changed hands. Then prospects were here in England. Now they are fine. Here the crop does nicely and we hear less complaint from other sections of the State."

The Cobleskill *Index* reports sales of 100 bales at 25 to 27c per lb., and the Oneida Union of 150 bales at 20c. This is coming down with a vengeance. Six months ago those hops were worth from 95c to \$1 per lb.

lb. The New York *Bulletin* says of that market:

"There is a fair business in moderate sized parcels at about 27 to 28c for fair qualities, as low as 25c for poor and as high as 30c for choice. Nothing new in the situation of affairs, that would give buyers or sellers reason to change the policy favored of late shows itself."

Quotations in the New York market on Saturday were as follows:

	July 23.	July 30.
N. Y. State, crop of 1882, choice.....	24c 3/4	24c 3/4
do crop of 1882, medium.....	23c 3/4	23c 3/4
do crop of 1882, low grades.....	22c 3/4	22c 3/4
do crop of 1881, good to choice.....	25c 3/4	25c 3/4
do old Ohio.....	none	none
do old Ohio.....	none	none
Wisconsin, crop of 1882, fair to choice.....	none	none
Pacific coast, crop of 1882, fair to choice.....	25c 3/4	25c 3/4

THE STRIKE OF THE TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

It is now about two weeks since the telegraph operators, to the number of some thousands, struck because their demands for an increase of salaries were refused. The strike is one of the largest ever known in this country, and has caused great loss to the public, to the owners of the telegraph lines, and to the operators. The public have suffered severely, business men especially, and yet the great majority of the people most seriously affected, applaud the action of the strikers. The strike is singular on this account, as business men as a rule are totally opposed to strikes of any kind. But they see in this strike a movement against one of the most tyrannical monopolies known to the people of this republic—a machine controlled by one man, that can be used, and is used, as a means of oppressing the public as well as its employees, and wrings from each the last cent that the diabolical ingenuity of that Mephistopheles of modern fraud and financial iniquity, Jay Gould, can make possible. While strikes are to be condemned in most instances, this one is regarded as a righteous protest against injustice. Mr. Gould and his friends denounce strikes among employees, but have for years been striking against them. Slowly but surely each year has the Western Union Telegraph Company reduced the compensation of its employees, without ever thinking of consulting the victims. As long as they did not cry out it was regarded as a sign that the screw could be given another turn, and now they pretend astonishment that their victims have at length determined to fight against further squeezing. Mr. Gould, himself, has been a chronic striker. He was an officer of the Erie railway, and although his salary was a large one, he deliberately robbed it of some six millions of dollars, and left it a financial wreck. He struck against the laws, and suborned judges to aid him in his fight. He inaugurated Black Friday, that cost the country millions of dollars, and yet relies upon the protection of the laws he helped to nullify, and a government that he would wreck if he could only control the stock.

All his life has been a reproach to his country and a menace to its business interests. He fleeces the public on one side, and squeezes his employees on the other that he may add to his ill-gotten wealth. Such men are a menace to the peace of society, and should be treated as other pirates and robbers are. Look at the history of this man, and the manner in which he acquired control of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He first sold the stock short, and then inaugurated a disastrous competition through the agency of the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Co., which broke the price of the Western Union from 98 to 55. Having obtained it he increased its capital from forty-four to eighty millions, nearly all of the increase being nominal, and fifteen millions of it being absolute water. The court's decision enjoining Gould from paying dividends on this illegal stock is still fresh in the memory, as is also his determination to do so in spite of courts. The people are taxed to pay the dividends on this immense amount of fraudulent stock, while the employees of the company are robbed to add to his gains.

Then look at his operations in Washish Railway affairs. He bought the stock at 63 cents per share, and by paying dividends which the road never earned, he brought the stock up to \$97 per share! He then sold out and left the company to struggle along as best it could, the wreck being nearly as complete as that of the Erie. No wonder the people sympathize with the strikers. They would sympathize with any one who is engaged in fighting the American disgrace—Jay Gould.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Having been a subscriber to your valuable paper a number of years and seeing a very great variety of information sought through your columns, I would ask of any granger in the State of Michigan if there is any way in which justice can be had through their society, wherein a subordinate grange prostitutes itself to a cowardly act of injustice to an offending woman for the purpose of assisting one of their number to gratify a personal spite. She appeared for trial agreeable to notice sent her by said grange, when they refused to present one word of evidence against her. Afterwards, in her absence, this grange passed a resolution against her, and lacked the moral courage to notify her of their action.

WM. CASEMENT.

CLARKSTON, Oakland Co., July 29, '83.

A RACING club, to be known as the Washington Park Club, has been formed in Chicago, with Lieut. Gen. P. H. Sheridan as President, and Mr. J. E. Brewster as Secretary. They announce six stakes to close October 15, and to be run at the inaugural meeting of the club, commencing the last Saturday in June, and ending the 12th of July, 1884. A programme for eight days' racing will be so arranged that two stakes and not less than three purse races will be run each day, and that \$45,000 or more will be given by the club for the meeting; and, in no instance, will less than \$5

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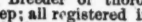
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Poetry.

AMONG THE BUTTERCUPS.

I know a field whose rough, wild grasses,
With clover and buttercups flaunting free,
Win scarcely a glance from those who pass,
But always a smile from me.

O thick, green grass whose no mowder moweth!
O yellow buttercups waving high!
You cover a secret which no one knoweth,
No one save only I.

I can see where, hid in your blossoming tangles,
No higher than clover or dandelion stem,
Stand ranges of stakes, set in regular angles,
And I know the meaning of them.

They are nothing but sticks, yet they tell me a story;
They are dull and brown, but they seem to glow,
As I stand and look, with a sudden glory,
And I see them rise and grow.

They spread to wall and they climb to rafter,
They open windows for glimpses sweet,
They space echo with happy laughter,
And the dance of children's feet.

There is the line where the morning will enter,
Here is the point for the cool sea-breeze,
This is the heart of the house, the centre,
Where the mother shall sit at ease.

That buttercup marks where the children's place
Will be when the winter fire is lit.
I can see its shine on their rosy faces
As they back in the light of it.

In the air drawn nursery far above them
I picture the little heads all in row,
Pillowed in slumber where those who love them
Can softly come and go.

Close to that red-and-white clover tangle
The doors shall open to welcome bright,
And here shall the Christmas stockings dangle
In the hush of the holy night.

O low brown stakes in the blossoming clover!
You have no beauty for man to see;
But I smile on you with the smile of a lover,
As the pledge of a home to be.

—Independent.

TRUE BEAUTY.

May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air;
If her beauty goes alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise;
Hath she wit as she has will,
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not warring like the wind—
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his and his and thine?

May I find a woman true;
There is beauty's fairest hue;
There is beauty, love and wit;
Happy he can compass it.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

Love and Poverty alone
Set listening to the wind and rain,
As white as ghosts and as cold as stone,
In a hut without a door or pane;

Love looked around him with a shiver,
Then cast a glance at his bow and quiver,
"Come to my arms," pale Poverty
Said with a trembling sigh;

"Together we shall warmer be—
Apart we both may die."
But Love shrunk back, answered "No,
'Tis really time that I should go."

And so Love went upon his way—
Nor have they ever met
From that time to the present day,
Much to poor folk's regret;

For now, to put her friends to shame,
Love knows no person by that name.

Miscellaneous.

A LADY HELP.

Her father, Commander Dundonald Poppinger, had the gunboat Iris when his wife presented him with a little black-browed daughter. So, against the dictates of her own tastes, which would have led her to give some more appropriate name to the olive-skinned, dark-eyed stranger, Mrs. Poppinger acceded to her husband's request, and had the baby baptized 'Iris.' Time went on according to its well-established custom, and little Iris was succeeded by many other little Poppingers, whose names are not of the slightest consequence to this story. She grew from babyhood to childhood, and on to young girlhood in a semi-respectable street in a seaport town that was not even semi-respectable, when its sins of cruel immorality, dirt, drunkenness and depravity are remembered against it. Nevertheless, in this town Iris grew up in flower-like purity and prettiness, though the latter was of the order of a tropical bloom rather than that of the delicate, religiously tinted gray-blue Iris, whose name she bore. Grew up to be a very refined, agreeable and accomplished addition to Badsmouth society, where her father, who had retired on the munificent sum allowed by a paternal Government to the sons who can neither work nor fight for it, was living in shabby gentility. He was an officer and a gentleman, and all his life he had associated with officers and gentlemen; and, poor old man, it was a fact that he took much pride in his position, and took what he and his wife called a 'certain stand upon it.'

Poor olive-skinned, dark-eyed Iris! Her mother's relations spoke of her as 'deplorably dark,' for they were all of the white-brown order themselves, and despised poor Iris for her pronounced tints. What was to be done with her? This was the hard problem that arose for them to solve as all the little Poppingers, her brothers and sisters, grew up. She was ahead of all the others in years, so it was supposed that she was ahead of them all in understanding also. Therefore all the family advisers—and they were many—decreed that Iris should go out and "do something" to maintain herself. They made their suggestions freely, but their suggestions were indefinite. In a lower stratum of society the well-to-do advisers are willing to 'name' the vocations they think their impetuous relations should follow. Cook, housemaid, scullery-maid, or 'general' they suggest. But in the case of Captain Dundonald Poppinger's pet, no one liked to be the first to hint that Iris had need to be a nursery governess. So they only said airily that 'it would be well for her to

think of doing something, however humble, for herself before her father's death,' (an event which they sympathetically suggested might come off at any time) 'obliged her to put her shoulder to the wheel.'

The wheel never revolved within her reach, and while she was making strenuous efforts to get near it her father died, and her mother was left to glory in his memory—and a pension of seventy pounds a year. Things that were very appalling to the girl were said to and of her then by rich relatives, who assumed the right to criticize and direct her life, but never gave her a shilling to help to make that life a respectable one. Under the guise of affectionate counsel, the most bitter things were said by those who claimed the right to utter them on the plea of blood 'relationship.' She was scolded and sneered at for not having cultivated some special and expensive branch of education, which would have enabled her to teach it as a specialist expensively to others. She was called to account sharply for not having been sufficiently attractive to have won some well off man to marry her. She was made to feel that she cumbered the face of the earth, and that it was entirely her own fault that she did so. And a despairing cry went out from her young soul to God that He would take her away and not suffer her to cumber the earth any longer. It was only the unreasoning cry of an unreasoning young creature, who had not learnt yet that to be refined, sensitive, helpless and poor is an unpardonable combination in the eyes of well-to-do relatives. Some of these latter would really have generously doled out 'suitable' food and raiment to Iris for the rest of her life, if only she had begged humbly, and abased herself in a scycophantic way. But as she did not think of doing these things, the well-to-do relatives found it easier and cheaper to say all manner of unkind and uncharitable things about her, and then to 'wash their hands of her'—a cleansing process which is both cheap and convenient.

Poor Iris! Bright, clever, and amusing, there was nothing she could do sufficiently well when it came to the point to entitle her to teach it to others. Moreover, she had not the gift of imparting knowledge, even if she had received it from others in the first place; nor had she the gift of acting a false part, and pretending to be capable of doing that of which she was incapable.

Things soon went from bad to worse in the Poppinger household, which had now to be 'managed' on seventy pounds a year. Mrs. Poppinger 'broke down' in health and spirits, as it is the presumptuous habit of delicately nurtured women to break down when they grow old and are overweighted and underfed. She became so seriously ill that a rich cousin—a City magnate—fearing that she might die, and her children be sent to the Union, and so disgrace him, offered to have the little ones cheaply and practically educated, and to give Iris a home on 'certain conditions.' The conditions were hard and Iris would have revolted, only—she couldn't. They were that Mrs. Dundonald Poppinger should take the situation of a governess in the cheap and practical school to which her younger children were to be sent, and that Iris should take up her abode with their benefactor as 'lady-help.'

The conditions were accepted. Of course they were! Don't the convicts accept their 'killy,' and doesn't the hare accept his fate at the paws of grey-hounds fiercer and stronger than himself? Mrs. Poppinger went as matron to the school, where an illiberal education was given liberally to her little ones; and Iris went as unpaid drudge to her mother's rich cousin's wife. Every one who knew little about her, and heard her speak of herself, said this lady was a most estimable woman, quite a model British matron, with a well-pronounced abhorrence of other people's shortcomings, and a comfortable conviction that she herself did her whole duty in a way that couldn't help being rewarded. Indeed, as contentment is a virtue, Mrs. Witherington's profound self-contentment placed her on her pedestal in the estimation of herself and many of the adoring friends whom she rewarded munificently for paying her homage.

'This is an experiment merely, remember, about Iris Poppinger,' she explained to her circle when it was settled that Iris should come to stay at the Witheringtons' house in Connaught Place, as lady-help to the wealthy City merchant's wife. 'This is an experiment merely. I don't feel myself bound to keep Miss Poppinger if she proves useless to me; if she has a well-regulated mind, she will be so thankful for the blessing of a much more comfortable home than she has ever known, that she will strive to be humble and useful.'

'Come, come, now,' her husband said, half jocularly, but with feeling nevertheless; 'Iris isn't coming here to be a drudge, you know, my dear; you must remember the girl has been well brought up, and you—well, you must be considerate and make allowances for her.'

Mrs. Witherington had the reputation of being a Tartar in her household. Therefore her husband thought it well to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters, on which poor Iris would shortly sail.

'I shall do my duty by your cousin's daughter, Mr. Witherington; have no fear of that,' she said, with an air of injured and overtaxed patience. 'I do not bring any one from my side of the house into our Eden; I do not wish the introduction of a serpent into our Paradise.'

'Why, bless my soul! Iris is but a girl, with no more of the serpent about her than—than you have, my dear.' Mr. Witherington said warmly. And Mrs. Witherington smiled coolly, and said, 'We shall see.'

Iris was received very kindly in her new home. That is, the Witheringtons were going out to dinner when she arrived, and at seven o'clock in the evening, at her new home; but Mrs. Witherington's own maid (who looked upon Iris as a rival) gave her some tea and toast. Her bedroom was large, healthy and airy furnished.

'If I could get by a fire,' the poor girl said pleadingly to Bond the maid.

'Well, I don't know what their wishes are about your going down stairs yet,' the

maid said, circumspectly; 'but Mrs. Witherington wouldn't hear of a fire in your room, that I know. When you've taken off your things you might come into Mrs. Witherington's dressing-room and have your tea by the fire, and a chat with me.'

'I think—I am too tired,' Iris said, choking back all semblance of feeling hurt as well as she could. But the task was a little to hard for her. Was she to be the waiting woman's companion?

'I'll be that, I'll be anything; I'll put my neck under the yoke to any extent to help mother, to make things easier to mother! the poor child said to herself that night after her prayers had been said, and had crept dispiritedly into bed. And the next morning it seemed as though she were to be immediately rewarded for her brave resolve, for Mrs. Witherington came to her quite early and kindly, and said—

'Iris, I hope you have slept well, and I hope you have remembered all you owe to Mr. Witherington! We do not ask for any earthly reward for the good we do, but still I would not have you ungrateful or careless about the benefits you receive. You are to stay in bed and have your breakfast comfortably this morning. I never expect too much of any one, and your journey may have fatigued you. When you are dressed come to me in my dressing-room, and I'll appoint you some of your duties.'

'I'd rather get up now,' Iris cried: 'I'm not fatigued. I hate breakfast in bed. I'm ready for my duties.'

Mrs. Witherington, lifted a conscientiously kept plump hand, and shook it warningly.

'You must subdue that unruly temper and tongue, Iris; you must learn to be grateful and humble in your demeanor toward those who befriend you at the cost of much trouble and anxiety to themselves; I am afraid you have not been taught to keep yourself in subjection. You will have your breakfast in your own room this morning, and after it, in two hours' time, you will come to me.'

She sailed out of the room as she said this, leaving behind her a general impression of fatness and floridness, and of feline cautiousness. Had she waited a minute longer, Iris would have asked to be allowed to go out and take a little walk in the fresh air in the park. The thought of breakfast was repugnant to her. But Mrs. Witherington did not grant her this minute of action.

The fact was, Mrs. Witherington had planned her arrangements rather too closely. Bond, her maid, was an expensive luxury; therefore, when Mrs. Witherington agreed to take Iris into her house as lady-help she determined at the same time to get rid of Bond, and make Iris assume Bond's duties. But she did not wish Iris to be alarmed by Bond's report, either of these duties or of the one who exacted them. Therefore she had settled that Bond should leave the house in the afternoon of the day on which Iris was to arrive in the evening. But Bond had fathomed Mrs. Witherington's motive, and had malignantly defeated it.

However, Iris had given the maid no opportunity of talking of her wrongs and her mistress' meannesses on the previous night; and, having ascertained this, Mrs. Witherington was resolved that she should not have the chance of doing so this morning. Accordingly she kept Iris a prisoner in her room until Bond could be gently expelled from the house. This done Mrs. Witherington felt that she had it in her to induct Iris into Bond's place so cleverly and cautiously that the girl would not realize that she was only a lady's maid. Bond, who was taking away a very much better character than she deserved by reason of her mistress's ardent desire to get rid of her peaceably, was very perverse about being sped on her way. She lingered longer than usual over the thankless task of adorning her mistress's ill-favored head with morning lace. Her 'hands trembled so,' she asserted, pulling Mrs. Witherington's locks sharply as she spoke, 'that she really couldn't get the thought of how that inexperienced young person would fail to set off Mrs. Witherington to the best advantage, up set her horrid!'

To this Mrs. Witherington suavely replied that she 'thanked Heaven she had no personal vanity, and that if it were not for keeping up their exalted position, she should by preference wear the unassuming print instead of the sumptuous satin or rich pilled velvet.'

If I could see the young person for half an hour I could put her in the way? Bond suggested, but Mrs. Witherington was deaf to the suggestion; and at length Bond was evicted, and Mrs. Witherington prepared to install Iris in the vacant place.

Humility and gratitude—these were the virtues that Mrs. Witherington prized most highly in those around her; and she made them her theme during her first hour's intercourse with Iris. At the end of her harangue she suddenly assumed a pleasantly bustling air, which was at least a relief to Iris after the portentous demeanor of the last hour.

'I like my house to be like a hive—full of busy bees,' she commenced briskly. 'Now, Iris—by the way haven't you another name? Iris is too absurd.'

'It is my only name; therefore, absurd as you may think it, you will have to call me by it,' Iris said quietly.

'I think I shall call you Poppinger.'

'I think you will not,' the girl said, so decidedly that Mrs. Witherington thought she would surrender that point.

'Well now, Iris, you begin to be one of my busy bees at once. I have been very careful in having the duties of a lady-help laid down for my guidance. You will assist me at my toilette, keep my wardrobe in perfect order, and wash all my laces and fine things. When you consider what a home you will have here, when you remember what boundless gratitude you owe to Mr. Witherington for maintaining you, your heart will throb gladly, and will own that little enough is expected of you in return.'

'What wages am I to have?' Iris asked, looking Mrs. Witherington straight in the face.

'Wages!'

'Yes, wages! Servants always have them, and I shall be a servant while I live here.'

'No, Iris, no,' Mrs. Witherington interrupted plausibly, 'you will be nothing of the kind; you will be a "lady-help"—mark the word, lady-help. You will not be required to associate with the other domestics—I mean with the servants.'

'Say the "other servants,"' Iris put in bluntly.

'No, I will not; you are my lady-help, and you're going to be a nice, good, little, industrious girl, and relieve your poor dear mother of a dreadful burden,' Mrs. Witherington said quite encouragingly.

'My poor dear mother would break her heart if she knew all this,' Iris said meditatively, 'but she won't know, Mrs. Witherington. Where are your laces?' the girl continued, jumping up from her low chair as she spoke. 'I shall tear them to tatters; still I had better begin washing them at once.'

The girl had a high spirit and a loving heart. The former would have driven her into rebellion against Mrs. Witherington. The latter made her bear hard things for her mother's sake. She fell into the way of doing all that Mrs. Witherington required of her, and that lady nourished the fond delusion that she had secured a treasure for life at a cheap rate. But all the while Iris was biding her time patiently, in order that her first struggle might be an effectual and last one.

Soon Bond could not have competed with her in the deft handling of Mrs. Witherington's hair, laces, or renovated costumes. Adroit, light-handed, gifted with taste to a rare degree, she 'made the best' of her task-mistress's personal appearance in a way that caused a spark of gratitude to ignite at last in that self-admiring lady's heart. When she had done this, Iris made her first move.

'Mrs. Witherington,' she began one night, when her mistress was sitting exultant before the glass, studying the good effect of recently placed "old point" and diamonds on her head, 'am I a good lady's maid now?'

'There can't be a better,' Mrs. Witherington said enthusiastically.

'I am glad, for you will give me a character that will get me what I want.'

'A what?'

'A character. I am going to get into some place where I can make money to pay for something I must have.'

'And what is that?'

'Lessons for the stage.'

Then Mrs. Witherington scolded, stormed, expostulated, pleaded. But Iris had learnt her own value during this time of iron servitude, and she stood out now either for good wages or a good character.

'Mr. Witherington will sink under the disgrace of a relation of his going on the stage,' his wife urged; but Iris only laughed.

'I shall not proclaim the relationship. I shall be too much ashamed to acknowledge how a "relation" has tried to degrade and keep me down, if I ever do get among ladies and gentlemen on the stage.'

'Seeing that Miss Tremayne is advertising for a maid, and offering forty pounds a year wages, Miss Tremayne wouldn't be the grand actress she is if she hadn't the heart to feel for such a poor football of fortune as I have been.'

'Your wicked ambition will bring you to ruin,' Mrs. Witherington said spitefully, tears of vexation coming into her eyes at the prospect of losing her 'cheap treasure.'

'I wash my hands of you, but the world shall know that you preferred a life of wicked excitement and temptation to a safe and happy home with your own relations.'

'Your world and mine will never be the same—luckily for me,' Iris said coolly, and Mrs. Witherington could have slapped her for being so independent though penniless.

Iris went to the beautiful, popular, clever Miss Tremayne as maid, and remained with her in that capacity one hour. At the end of that hour the warm-hearted woman who sat at the top of the tree had learnt the story of the poor little aspirant at the foot of it.

'You shall stay with me as my friend and pupil, Iris,' she said, with all that gracious grace that has made her such a sovereign lady on the stage; 'and as it will be impossible for you really to study while your mind is half absent with your mother and her troubles, those troubles must be relieved at once. I am alone in the world; they shall be my mother and brothers.'

For fifteen months Mr. and Mrs. Witherington told all their friends 'in confidence' that they washed their hands of Iris, whose conduct and career had crushed all sympathy and interest for her out of their expansive hearts. At the end of that time Iris made a successful debut. Then for another year she studied harder than ever, always helped by Miss Tremayne. Then she 'ground' for six months in small parts in the provinces. Then Miss Tremayne brought her out at her (Miss Tremayne's) own theatre without any preliminary puff, and Iris touched the people's heart and taste at once.

The second night of her performance the Witheringtons were there, letting every one near them know that the young actress was their cousin. The next, Mrs. Poppinger received an offer from her cousin of a moderate income for her life, and at the same time he reminded her that had it not been for his excellent wife's admirable training of Iris, Iris would never have been able to approach Miss Tremayne with a proffer of services. 'In fact,' he said, 'I hope our dear girl will never forget this most gratifying result is entirely due to the circumstance of our having given Iris a home and taught her to be useful. This is a most pleasing reflection to us, and I trust you will always keep this truth before our dear girl.'

So, as Iris soared higher and higher, the Witheringtons cultivated themselves more and more to their own circle, as the benefactors and guardian angels of their 'little pet cousin Iris.'—*Whitehall Review.*

From Forest to Mill.

Up the Saginaw, in a wide region, reached either by the river or its tributaries, the great pine saw log, often three feet in diameter, has its birth. Pine forests, now rapidly thinning out, once covered several thousand square miles around headwaters. Entering that lumber region in the late autumn, the lumbermen establish camps, round which during the whole winter long the axes resound, the tall trunks fall, and in sections are rolled to the adjacent streams for the spring floods to bear away. Floating down to the main river, the "boom men" pick out each owner's logs identified by the brand, and gather them inside of the booms, which may be curiously described as long treetrunks chained together at the end, often enclosing a smooth water surface of several acres. The coves of the Saginaw—called locally "bayous," a term borrowed from the lower Mississippi—are specially adapted for the gathering and organization of these log armies.

The military metaphor, indeed, has peculiar fitness here, for the logs are mustered ed side by side in companies, held together by a rope fastened to each log by and device not unlike the domestic clothes pins. As the logs down stream are worked up by the tireless mills, these upper booms are drawn upon for more, until the freezing river finds them quite empty, and another winter comes on to yield its fresh supply. But the saw-log's story becomes most dramatic as it nears the mill, and, loosened from the restraining rope, is steered into the glade of open water that leads up to the wooden slide. Enter now the great lumber mill, and we shall be in at the saw-log's death. Down the slide on a wooden railroad runs a heavy truck, fitted with two cross-ribs of heavy iron teeth. With a plunge it dashes below the water, still holding its place on the rails. Then three giant logs are floated above it. At a signal the steam is let on, the machinery reversed, the strong chain holding the truck tightens, and the truck itself begins to ascend. The sharp teeth catch the logs, which in a trice are lifted dripping from the water, whisked up like twigs a hundred feet to the mill, and rolled off opposite the first set of saws.

These saws are two in number. One set below is of the buzz variety, perhaps six feet in diameter, and cutting, therefore, through a three-foot log; but, as this semi-diameter is often insufficient for a big log, a second and smaller "buzz," placed above and in front of the first, cuts the slab, which otherwise might still hold fast. One of the largest logs weighs a number of tons, and human strength alone would never suffice to turn it after one of its sides had been "slabbed." Just here comes a beautiful piece of powerful mechanism. At the touch of a lever a stout beam, armed with iron teeth, rises by the forest-Titan's side. It snatches the wood, and in less time than words can tell the log is tumbled over, and the frame-work rushing back and forth with amazing speed, has driven the edges of the tree athwart the saws, until the once rough stalk stands forth a symmetrical square. Then, in another instant, it is shifted before the "gang," a set of ordinary upright saws placed an inch apart, and often with 30 or 35 blades. Below, an ordinary circular planer revolves in front of the gang and smooths the lower edges of the boards. The immense piece of timber is run through in a few moments, and what was five minutes before a rough tree trunk has passed into the inch boards of commerce.

Nor does the work end here, for the slabs are passed to a new machine, which grasps them with almost human intelligence, and whatever part of them can be made so become laths. Other machines take the harder woods, ash, elm, or oak, and convert them with equal speed into staves, barrel heads or shingles, and finally the otherwise useless debris passes to the furnaces to feed the fires of the engine. There is seen little or no sawdust around the Saginaw lumber mills, for the reason that it is all used for the furnace flames, and in general, the cycle of utilities by which one branch of the great industry is made to feed or supplement another seems as rounded as human ingenuity can make it.

Gathering Rubber.

The Indian pushes his boat through the overhanging foliage to the river's bank, clears a small spot in which to swing his hammock, and is soon ready for business. He then cuts paths through the underbrush to ten or twelve trees in the immediate vicinity. Incisions are made in the trunks of the trees with a hatchet or sharp knife. Beneath these incisions small tin or earthen cups are fastened by means of soft clay. By the time he has completed this work the cups upon the first tree are filled with a white sap resembling cows' milk. The Indian empties the cups into a large gourd which he carries to the spot where his hammock is swung. A small fire is burning near by. He throws a handful of nuts from the palm tree upon the glowing coals and places over them a bottomless tunnel-shaped earthen vessel. Taking a paddle-shaped instrument he dips it in the white milk and holds it in the dense black smoke which pours out of the mouth of the vessel. With each drying a thin layer of rubber is formed. The process is continued until the 'paddle' has two or three inches of rubber upon it, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds. This is then cut off with the hatchet—a knife used by the natives—and after a few days drying in the sun is ready for market. The masses of rubber made in this way are called 'biscuits.' While the process of drying is going on the milk which has been spilled on the ground coagulates into a soft sord substance. This is gathered and pressed into a round ball and sent to market under the name of 'negro heads.' The commercial value of 'biscuit' ranges from fifty to sixty cents per pound, and 'negro heads' from thirty to forty cents per pound. The general law of supply and demand renders these prices subject to a wide variation. On arriving at the factory, the biscuits are placed in a large vat of hot water and allowed to soften. They are then run through powerful grinders made of corrugated iron and rolled into sheets. After drying, the sheets are manufactured into boots, shoes and other articles.

A Spunky Editor.

The New Orleans *Picayune* has the following interesting particulars of the career of Mrs. Harriet N. Prewett, who was born in Stillwater, New York, and educated in the Willard Seminary at Troy: In a tiny, cozy little cottage in Yazoo City, Miss., lives the first real newspaper woman in this country. Wisteria vines climb over the windows and low doorways, and magnolia trees cast graceful shadows over the wide, worn porches. Here in this quiet house lives Mrs. Harriet N. Prewett, the oldest newspaper woman in this country. In 1848 Mrs. Prewett was left a widow, the most important of her possessions being three little children and a weekly newspaper, the Yazoo City Whig, afterwards the Banner. For more than fourteen years Mrs. Prewett was editor, proprietor, news editor, agent, book-keeper, and mailing clerk for her spunky little paper. She also kept house, saw that the sewing and patching and mending and knitting for her three children. Her editorials were strong and fearless, and exercised strong influence in Mississippi politics. Mrs. Prewett held out as long as she could against the extreme measure of secession; but when she did haul down her Union flag she became one of the boldest, bravest defenders of the Southern cause. At one time Mrs. Prewett had an editorial tilt with Mrs. Swisshelm, who was then running a paper in Massachusetts, regarding the respective merits of their babies. At another time a Jackson (Miss.) editor, intending to be sarcastic, invited the editress of the Banner to put on her breeches and come over to Jackson and run the legislature, she having criticised some of the acts of the members. The editress retorted that if the Jackson editor would put on his breeches and come over to Yazoo City, he would be received by two little boys—one 8 and the other 10 years old—who would hang a leather medal about his neck as an I. O. U. for a sound whaling to be administered as soon as they were grown big enough to do it. Mrs. Prewett's was the first paper in the country to announce the name of Millard Fillmore for the presidency. This brave, hard-working woman used to take her sewing to the office with her, and when interrupted by the proverbial fiends that haunted newspaper offices, even before the war, she would lay aside her pen and sew or knit while talking, so as not to lose any time. Finally, this grand woman's strength gave way, and she became a helpless invalid. For twenty years she has been tied hand and foot to an invalid's chair, whence, with an eye as keen and a mind as bright as it was when editress of a dashing influential paper, she looks out on the world in which she has already accomplished her life's work. In her own room walls and ceilings are so deftly covered with the pictures cut from illustrated papers—ten years in the history of the pictorial publications of this country are traced upon its walls. Mrs. Prewett is a bright, cultivated woman. In her day she was one of the most beautiful women in the South, and was sought for her womanly graces as well as for her brilliant intellect. To-day she is a graceful writer, and occasionally dainty poems, like white winged birds, flutter out into the newspaper world from her little home in the peaceful Yazoo valley.

General John A. Dix.

It was while Secretary of the Treasury that Dix sent the famous dispatch with which his name will ever be popularly associated. Two accounts of the affair have been given. The one which appears in the 'Memoirs' was written by Mr. Dix himself and now seems pretty far from the truth. Three days after taking charge of the Treasury he sent W. H. Jones, a clerk of the Department, to New Orleans for the purpose of saving the revenue cutters in that city. The latter on the 20th of January, 1861, sent back a dispatch that Capt. Breeshwood, of the revenue cutter McClelland, refused to obey orders. Secretary Dix immediately telegraphed to Jones: 'Tell Lieut. Caldwell to arrest Capt. Breeshwood, assume command of the cutter, and obey the order I gave through you. If Capt. Breeshwood, after arrest, undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him a mutineer and treat him accordingly. If any attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.' Dix's estimate of the spunkiness of Buchanan is apparent when he says that he decided to send the order without first submitting it to the President, as the latter, he thought, would not permit it to go. Afterwards Dix related the circumstances to him and repeated the famous order. Says Dix: 'When I came to the words "shoot him on the spot," the President started suddenly, and said, with a good deal of emotion, "Did you write that?" "No, sir," I said, "I telegraphed it." He made no answer, nor do I remember that he ever referred to it again.'

It would scarcely be worth while to follow with the greatest brevity, even, the career of Major General Dix during the war. His opportunities for distinguishing himself in the field were not marked, but his services were of a most useful character. Much of the time he had charge of the Eastern Department, with his headquarters in New York City, so that he then had no particular chance for conspicuous achievements. One incident of interest we will, however, relate. The first summer of the war Gen. Dix was in command of the Department of Maryland. Baltimore was then seething with rebel hatred and plotting, and no one knew when an outbreak would occur. The rumor went the rounds that if there was one Gen. Dix, who was stationed at Fort McHenry, would shell the place. A delegation of Baltimore ladies, accordingly, one day called at the fort to learn his intentions. After some conversation he invited them to a walk around the walls. At one point they came to a huge Columbiad, the largest in the fort. The General said: 'Ladies, there will be no trouble in the city unless it is created by persons of your own social position; the common people will not rise until they see the aristocracy of Baltimore moving. The safety of the town and the lives of its citizens are, therefore, substan-

tially in your hands. Will you oblige me by mounting these steps, looking over the top of that gun, and noting the place to which it points.' The ladies complied, and one exclaimed, 'It points to Monument square!' 'Yes,' replied the General, 'and I tell you now that, if there should be an uprising in Baltimore, I shall be compelled to try to put it down, and that gun is the first that I shall fire.' No uprising occurred.

Alligator Leather.

A large variety of pocketbooks, card cases, hand bags, and other articles made of a peculiar mottled leather was seen in a Chambers street showcase. A long, narrow piece of the same kind of leather hung over them. It was rounded at one end and tapered away to a point at the other. Two flippers projected from each side of it.

'The use of alligator skins seems to be increasing,' the reporter said to the proprietor of the showcase.

'The increase is astonishing,' he replied. 'Twelve or fifteen years ago alligator leather was tanned as a curiosity. Few articles were made of it. About four years ago, however, the manufacture of alligator leather began in earnest. First a few shoes were made of it, and the manufacturers of such goods saw there was something in it. It is a peculiarly beautiful leather. There are no two skins made, just alike, and it follows that no two articles of the leather can be alike. The natural color of the leather is attractive, aside from the beauty of the markings. It finishes soft and flexible. It is conceded that Americans tan and finish it in a manner superior to the best workmanship of the old country. Here is a pocketbook; American alligator skin forms the outside. American calf-skin forms the inside. Any judge of such goods will say that it is by all odds the handsomest as well as the best leather of the kind in existence. Sixty dollars a dozen for such goods, small as they are, is a low price.'

'While the beauty of alligator leather is its chief characteristic, its durability is of hardly less importance. These gripsacks of alligator leather will outwear their owners, no matter how youthful. With these two things in its favor, it is no wonder that the sale of alligator leather is increasing.'

'How many alligators were slaughtered to satisfy the demand last year?'

'Not less than half a million.'

'How did you get the skins, and where do they come from?'

'Most of them come from Florida and the other Gulf States. The alligators are shot with rifles, and the negroes have almost a monopoly of the business. When an alligator crawls out on the sand for an after-dinner sleep he falls a victim. The negro gets from fifty cents to \$1 apiece for alligators. The hunt is carried on so vigorously that the reptiles are beginning to grow scarce. Laws will have to be enacted eventually to protect them during the breeding season and when young.'

'All sizes, from two to eighteen feet in length, are now killed. The choice skin is six feet long. There is as much difference between the six foot skin and the eighteen foot skin as there is between a calfskin and an ox hide. The skins are packed in lime for two months to remove the horny scales. The remaining process is much like that for any leather. It takes four months to prepare a skin. There is a tannery for alligator skins in Brooklyn.'

'Has any one developed an imitation of alligator leather?'

'The frauds are in using imperfect skins. No lime will soften the horns that have stood the attrition of red hot sand for half a century. Those skins do not wear well between the scales. There are other imperfections in the skins. When you want an alligator leather article of any kind, choose the uncolored goods, pay a fair price, and you will get the cheapest as well as the handsomest and best.'—*New York Sun.*

The Air of Houses.

There is much confusion in the minds of some people, says the *Building News* (London), with respect to the dryness or dampness of houses. An air tight room is more or less damp, though people are generally apt to think it otherwise if there is no draught, and all the air is carefully shut out. As a general rule, we invariably find the most draughty house is the driest, as it will be generally found to be the healthiest, if not the most comfortable, in cold weather. But the air of a room, as that for an invalid, may become too dry; it may be overheated with a stove, which would become injurious to the patient. In certain cases vaporizers are now employed to give the air of the sick chamber its healthful proportion of moisture.

Mr. G. J. Symons, in a paper on meteorology, has remarked that the subject of the hygrometry of the sick room was unknown two generations ago. If in addition to temperature, the quantity of moisture in a sick room were indicated by the hygrometer, a great deal more might be done for the invalid's comfort. It is just as easy to regulate the hygrometric condition of the sick room as its temperature, and in many respiratory complaints, the former is even of greater importance than the latter. The hotter the air is the more water can it contain, and this condition does not appear to be apprehended by those who dwell in such rooms, or provide the means of heating and ventilating them.

Prof. Tyndall found that the moisture in the air of an ordinary room absorbs 50 to 70 times as much of the radiant heat as the air does. Moisture is the regulator and conservator of the heat, and in due quantity acts like a blanket, by protecting us from too sudden cooling or heating. The question is one, we think, worthy more attention by the sanitary builder than has been given to it. Complaints are loud against certain hot air furnaces, as they overheat the air and render it unfit for breathing; they tend to scorch and dry the air, and to this extent they are unhealthy.

That Husband of Mine.

Is three times the man he was before he began using 'Wells' Health Renewer.' \$1. Drug

COUNTRY COUSINS.

How dear to my heart are the sweet country cousins,
When dogs of summer begin to draw near,
When birds have grown hot and when sunstrokes
Fill body with anguish and bosom with fire,
The green waving fields and the sweet-smelling
blossoms,
The laughing from turmoil to quiet and calm,
The rich creamy milk which the ready hand squeezes,
And then the brown cousins who live on the
farm.

The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm.

The sweet country cousins! Oh, aren't they a treasure?

How hard to have at the vacation time!
And paying one's board is a too costly pleasure,
When all can be had without spending a dime
How pleasant to live on rich cream and ripe berries,
Fresh golden hued butter and cakes light and
warm.

Free use of the horses, the carts and the whorries
Of sweet country cousins who live on the farm!
The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm!

How dear are the sweet country cousins in summer,
How fragrant the meadows, romantic the dawn!
But straightway your faces begin to grow glummer
As thoughts of their visit next winter to town.

The theatre, the concert, the lecture, the money
Expended in tickets! The thought gives a quail
The sequel of summer is not quite so funny—
Why don't the sweet cousins remain on the farm
The brown-visaged cousins, the great awkward
cousins.

The betwixt cousins should stay on the farm.
—Rural New Yorker.

A Big One.

A Englishman who was traveling on the Mississippi River told rather tough stories about London thieves. With a silent but expressive "Humph!" a Cincinnati man named Case heard these narratives, and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow. "How so?" inquired the Englishman with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?" "Not a great deal." "Well," said Case, "my brother once lived out West, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country." "What business was he in?" "The lumber business—he had a saw mill." "And they stole the lumber?" "Yes, and saw-logs, too." "Saw-logs?" "Yes, whole dozens of black walnut logs were carried away in a single night." "Is it possible?" "True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; but it was all of no use. Just to give you an idea how they steal out there," continued Case, giving a sly wink at the listening company, "did you ever work in a saw mill?" "Never." "Well, one day my brother bought a fine black walnut log four feet three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, and smoked the log up hill, built a fire, and then sat down on the log to play cards, just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark over two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played cards and drank whiskey all night, and when it began to grow light they went to sleep. And about a minute after daylight Brother George went out to the mill to see how they were getting on; and the log was gone! 'What were the Scotchmen doing?' Sitting on the bark! The thieves had driven an iron wedge into the butt-end which pointed down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it right out of the shell, leaving the three Scotchmen astraddle of it fast asleep."

The Apparition.

During the early period of his brilliant career, when the late Ira Aldridge, the renowned African Roscius, was filling a wonderfully successful engagement at the Theatre Royal, in the city of Dublin, Ireland, while taking an evening stroll on one occasion through the quiet locality known as Liberty, he happened by a dairy situated on a thoroughfare called the Coombe. The pathos of sweet woman's effective organ of warfare, attuned to a shrill and contentious pitch, arrested his attention, and caused him to turn his eyes and look within as he passed. The glance discovered a noble specimen of "the finest peasantry in the world" in a seemingly gross state of inebriety, vainly endeavoring to steady himself by partially leaning back against a counter near the door; while further within, stood she of the melancholy voice, with arms akimbo, and whose flow of language, more rapid than elegant, proclaimed her a wife, roundly berating her recreant lord and master for squandering her hard earnings upon whiskey and boon companions. Maudlin mutterings, interspersed with an occasional oath of descent, interspersed by the husband, exasperated the woman all the more, imparting wonderful vigor to a fast and furious trade so uniquely expressed as to cause Aldridge to loiter a few moments within hearing; when, finally, at an unusually severe and scathing invective, spitefully spat forth by his angry helpmate, the man started up, as well as he was able, and striking his clinched fist upon the counter, exclaimed:

"There now, bad luck to it—shut up. You've said enough. An' may the old boy cum jumpin' fur me if I ever touch a drop o' liquor again!"

On hearing this, the listening Aldridge—who, (as our readers are no doubt aware) was a colored man (a great rarity in Ireland) bunched lightly in, and, assuming one of his most effective attitudes before the horrified pair, in thrilling tones ejaculated, glancing wildly, with protruding eyeballs, at the terror-stricken man:

"Ho! ho-o! Here I am! Drink again, and you're mine!" Turning fiercely to the woman, he said, "Forbear ever thy tongue, or I'll have you!"

Skilfully putting out the single light, as the startled victims sank cowering to the ground, and looking terribly grand in twilight, even as when he represented the "Moor of Venice" on the mimic stage, he thundered forth:

"Quarrel again, and I'll come for both. Ha! ha-a-a!" And, laughing demonically, he sprang quickly away.

Relishing the joke hugely, Aldridge hurried to some friends living in the vicinity, and watched with them the development. Shortly, a great commotion was witnessed; the whole neighborhood

was in a state of agitation and ferment over the wonderful and awful occurrence—the excitement was intense, and fear and trembling came upon many. The dairy people, firmly believing that his Satanic Majesty had appeared to them in all his gorgon terrors clad, ever took heed to their ways, and lived soberly and circumspectly all their days, and were esteemed by every one who knew them as patterns of strict propriety.

A Long Speech.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by Dr. De Cosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending which would take from a great many settlers their lands. Dr. Cosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day the act of confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of the limitation Dr. Cosmos got the floor about ten A. M., and began a speech against the bill.

His friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two o'clock he would be through and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and Dr. Cosmos was speaking still—had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it.

The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill. For awhile they made merry over it; but as it came on to dusk they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time.

They tried to shut him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and finally they sat down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from his subject, no sitting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lit; members slipped out to dinner in relays, and returned to sleep in squads, but Dr. Cosmos went on. The Speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring, and trying to look wide-awake. Day dawned, and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on; at last, noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man, who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a whisper, his eyes were almost shut, and were bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, and his back legs were cracked and smeared with blood. Dr. Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their lands!

An Englishman in Chicago.

Of course, says the writer of a letter to the London Daily News, I went to see the stock yards of Chicago. A lively pibald porker was one of a number grunting and quarreling in a pen, and I was asked to keep my eye on him. And what happened to that porker was this: He was suddenly seized by a hind leg and jerked up on a small crane. This swung him swiftly to the fatal door through which no pig ever returns. On the other side stood a man—

That two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more,
And the dead pig stood across a trough
and through another doorway, and then there was splash. He had fallen head first into a vat of boiling water. Some unseen machinery passed him along swiftly to the other end of the terrible bath, and there a water-wheel plucked him up and flung him on to a sloping counter. Here another machine seized him, and with one revolution scraped him as bald as a nut. And down the counter he went, losing his head as he slid past a man with a hatchet, and then, presto! he was up again by the heels. In one dreadful handful a man emptied him, and while another squirted him with fresh water, the pig—registering his own weight as he passed the teller's box—slung down the steel bar from which he hung and whisked around into the icehouse. One long cut of a knife made two "sides of pork" out of the pibald pig. Two hacks of a hatchet brought away his backbone. And there, in 35 seconds from the last grunt, dirty, hot-headed, noisy—the pig was hanging up in two pieces, clean, tranquil, iced.

An Agnostic.

There has been a great deal of ingenuity exhausted in obtaining a satisfactory definition of the word "agnostic." In the opinion of President Seeley, of Amherst, it is "one who will neither grow in knowledge nor teach others to grow." Mr. Charles A. Dana defines it as "one who knows nothing of the hereafter, and doesn't believe that any one else does." Webster calls an agnostic "one who professes ignorance or refrains from dogmatic assertion." Brother Gardner, of the Lime Kiln Club, of Detroit, puts down the agnostic as "one of those chaps who knows nothing about heaven or hell, and 'sposes everybody jes' as big duce as hisself." The Boston Globe, commenting upon the definition of an agnostic as "a man who is not sure of anything—not even that he is not sure of anything," remarks that it describes the office boy, while the Boston Post declares that an agnostic is "a man who would hesitate about betting on a straight flush."

Bishop Burnett preached before Charles II. on one occasion and at a certain point he brought his fist down on the pulpit cushion with great emphasis, saying: "Who dare deny this statement?" The King rejoined: "Nobody, Bishop, who is within reach of such a blow as that."

U. S. Surgeon Recommends.

Dr. J. M. G. Pheasant, a U. S. Surgeon, residing now at Bloomington, Ind. Dr. Dr. writes to say: "I recommend *Samaritan Nervine* because it cures epilepsy." Physicians, generally, are its friends.

VARIETIES.

A Canzic fishmonger stopped his wagon in front of a house. He jumped from his seat, took two bass from the rear of the wagon, and entered the basement door of the house. An aged darkey shortly afterward drove a hungry-looking horse, attached to a collection of vehicular ruins, behind the fishmonger's wagon. He thrust his hands into the ruins, brought forth two boxes of strawberries, and carried them in to the house adjoining the one that the fishmonger had entered.

In the rear of the fishmonger's wagon was a box of crabs covered with sea grass. The darkey's weird and hollow-eyed horse gazed upon the sea-grass longingly. Then he snuffed it. Suddenly he plunged his nose into the box and got a large mouthful of grass, which he started to munch greedily. He stirred up a combative crab, which fastened itself on one of his nostrils. He jerked his head out of the box, emitted a wild neigh, and began to plunge and kick with great enthusiasm. The fishmonger and the darkey appeared simultaneously. The fishmonger seemed somewhat convulsed at the antics of the darkey's steed. The darkey was evidently displeased.

"Take that crab off my horse's nose," he shouted.

"Take it off yourself," replied the fishmonger.

"I'll smash de crab wif dis hys stick," yelled the darkey, as he picked up a piece of wood that his frightened horse had kicked off the seat of his wagon.

"Lave the crab alone," said the fishmonger.

"That the devil's business had your horse ating my grass?"

At this critical stage of the dialogue the crab dropped from the horse's nose, and the fishmonger picked it up and tossed it into his wagon. The darkey and the fishmonger then drove away.

"Yes," said Mr. Doodlicker, as he drew his chair out on the porch to the family circle, "I had some wild experience when I was a loco motive engineer. I remember one night I was ordered to take a doctor from Chicago to Mendota in the quickest possible time. To make a seat on the train. When the doctor took a seat on the train, I threw the lever down in the corner and gave him steam. Away he jumped like a scared kangaroo. The doctor's eyes bulged out like a pair of porcelain door knobs as we rushed over the prairie toward Riverside.

"What's that—a post?" asked the Doctor as we passed something in a jiffy.

"That was a coal-shed one hundred and twenty feet long. So you can see how fast we were going."

"What's that funny looking fringe on our left?" asked the Doctor.

"Them's the telegraph poles," answered the fireman as he stopped half a minute, from shovelling coal, just as we zipped through the shop yards at Aurora.

"Well, we made Mendota without a stop in forty-one minutes and a half, just two miles to the minute, and I bottled the coffee in my dinner pail on the driving boxes."

"What a long-armed driver you must have had," put in Theophilus Doodlicker, as he looked up from the copy of *Æsop's* fables that lay on his lap.

"How's that?" asked Doodlicker.

"Why, to shovel coal in Aurora from a tender that lay on a side track in Chicago."

Doodlicker went on the house.

THE Rev. Casper Everhart, a Methodist preacher at Frederick, Maryland, who had been a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, was brought to Washington during the sojourn of Gen. Lafayette, and was a prominent guest at a banquet given by members of Congress.

When called upon, he told several amusing Revolutionary anecdotes, and was about to resume his seat, when some one inquired:

"How was it, Mr. Everhart, that you, an armed, took three British soldiers prisoners?"

"But I was armed," he replied. "True, I had no gun, nor pistol, nor sword, but I used a powerful weapon, and one that, if used too often, is very deadly, and I used it on this occasion. It was a bottle of rum. I met these soldiers and entered into a little conversation with them, and, finally, invited them to go to spring near by and take refreshing drinks. They required no persuasion, but went at once, and stacked their arms, sat down and soon became *hors d'combat*, as our French allies used to say. Wishing to extend my hospitalities still further, I took their muskets, and then invited them to accompany me to our camp. Duly appreciating my kindness in taking care of them when not in a fit condition to take care of themselves, they did not refuse my pressing invitation."

MR. BLINN had been coming in late for several nights and reporting to his wife that he was busy until midnight. Her suspicions were aroused, however, and she interviewed one of his companions without telling him who she was.

"You know Mr. Blinn?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed, quite well. He is a particular friend of mine."

"You have been with him a good deal of late?"

"Yes, every night."

"He is quite busy at night now, isn't he?"

"He has been very busy, indeed, every night when I have seen him," and he laughed.

"Will you tell me the nature of his business?"

"Well, he was trying to walk on both sides of the pavement at once going home, and I assure you, madam, a busier man I haven't seen for a long time. If he has told you he was busy late at night, you may take my word for it that he was telling you the unadulterated truth, and no discount to the trade."

WE saw a boy nailing up a box the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage. So we ventured the suggestion to place the much-abused "This side up," etc., conspicuously on the cover. A few days after we saw our boy again.

"Heard from your goods yet? Did they get there safely?"

"Every one broke," replied he, sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the express company!"

"Did you put on 'This side up,' as we told you?"

"Yes, I did; an' for fear they shouldn't see it on the cover, I put it on the bottom too! They're no excuse for such carelessness."

GOT 'EM!—A New-Englander who was a wag kept an eating-house near Boston, where, as he used to say, you could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in came a New Yorker, and, stepping up to the bar, asked the landlord what he could give him dinner.

"Anything, sir," said the host—"anything from a pickled elephant to a canary-bird's tongue."

"Waal," said the New Yorker, eyeing him.

"I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."

"Well, we've got 'em—got 'em all ready, right here in the house; but you'll have to make a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em."

The New Yorker thought he would take some codfish and potatoes.

Chaff.

Business conducted on sound principles. The telephone.

Always in debt and no real necessity for it—The letter B.

A postscript may be defined as a line to hang the close on.

What letter in the alphabet is the best initial for cucumber? Doubtful.

England is no longer the "mother country." She's only "assistant" to us.

Anybody who understands Latin, of course knows that an eggshell is an ova coat.

A young lady, not well versed in music, wants to know if dance music is written in foot notes.

This is one of the best motives ever followed: Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.

What may be said to be a favorite piece of sculpture with every man? The fellow that he cut out.

"Where do all the flies go to?" asks an exchange. They have been boarding at our house this month.

Mrs. Farrington, dear old lady, says that there are few people nowadays who suffer from "suggestion of the brain."

"Torn Asunder," is the title of a new play. We should suggest "Mucilage; or, Stuck Together," as a good name for the author's next effort.

An Ohio marshal has issued an order, proclaiming that all animals found running at large will be "pounded." Now is the time to get up clubs.

The consciousness of wrong-doing is to the soul what a forgotten pig in a boot is to the foot. You can't be happy until you do something about it.

A certain merchant, in want of a boy, lately displayed the following suggestive notice: "Boy wanted that has fully rested himself; and is not too intellectual."

"What so rare as a day in June?" is no longer an unanswered question, the Harvard Lampoon having discovered that the reply is "the 29th of February."

A thrifty farmer took his son to the doctor. "If you care for him for less than funeral expenses," he said, "go ahead; but if you can't sonny will have to take his chance."

"Yes," she said, "I love him dearly, but I'm afraid to marry him. I don't think he is very healthy, and I don't want to go in black, as he doesn't agree with my complexion."

A New England physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house one half the doctors would starve. We suggest that every family keep two boxes in the house.

Before cutting a man's head off in China, the authorities considerately make him drunk. The beauty of this system is that a man can get intoxicated without having a head on him the next morning.

A New York girl has set the fashion of sending around notices to her friends that she has given her lover the grand bonus. Anyone who wants a second-hand lover can then prepare to claw him in.

The confession of a prisoner has an application far beyond a single instance. He said: "Judge, I am half foot when sober and all foot when drunk." That is the kind of material which keeps our courts so busy.

A cynical philosopher who has evidently transgressed the wholesome rule, "Never bet on anything that can talk," remarks that "the race is not always to the swift, if there is any money to be made by selling it."

A German lady: Father, to his from the university back-retuning-son: "Well, thou hast of course no debts?" Son: "Three thousand marks." Father: "What 3,000 marks?" Son: "Well, at least I'm proud that thy son is a great credit bank."

A case of mistaken identity. One gentleman returning from city festival: "Pleasant man, where 'sh Mahrr' Brown live?" Constable (recognizing him): "Why, dear me, sir, you are Mr. Brown." Mr. B.: "Aw right. But—where do I live?"

When you have had Catarrh long enough, just send in to Dr. C. B. SYKES, 181 Monroe Street, Chicago, for his "True Theory of Catarrh."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

INCONSISTENCY.

Inconsistency, or a discordance between sentiment and action, is one of the besetting sins of mankind; Addison calls it the greatest weakness of human nature, certainly we must all plead "Mæa culpa."

But it seems as if this inconsistency which is the common heritage, is especially noticeable in a man's ideas of a woman's virtues and perfections, and his action in recognizing them. A young man generally has quite decided views as to what sort of a girl he wants for a wife; he may hold very correct and reasonable opinions on the subject of feminine good qualities, but somehow, when he comes to choose his wife from among many maidens, he is not unfrequently astonished by his inconsistency. He talks of helpful, strong, self-reliant womanhood, and falls in love with a girl who faints at the sight of a spider and neither knows nor cares whether Dickens or Darwin wrote the "Descent of Man." He admires economy, and marries a girl who has been in the habit of spending more than his income on dress every year, and expects her to surrender all the luxuries to which she has been accustomed, without one regretful thought, and manage his limited means as economically as if she had been brought up on "Poor Richard's" maxims. He delights in table luxuries, all the good things that tempt the fallible flesh, and selects a wife who hardly

knows of such stuff as Nature as untosted muffin."

He spends no little breath in ridiculing the fashions, (strange, some one has said, that men, with a whole world to conquer, will yet stop in the strife to consider the width of a woman's skirt!) but is always found in the wake of the girl who affects the latest and most dashing. He quotes "Clive Newcome": "Show me a gracious virgin bearing a lily, not a leering giggler frisking a rattle," but somehow, brings up at the matrimonial altar with some "Rosa Mackenzie" whose constant and reliable smiles have "brought him to time."

The young man with ideas about women admires brains, theoretically; practically he prefers their absence. In the presence of a thoughtful, critical girl, he is too conscious of his own shortcomings; he suspects her of being sarcastic at his expense, and nothing so wilts the young man with ideas as sarcasm, especially if not quite sure how much more there may be in reserve. Nothing is more fatal than to wound his self-love. So he pockets his theories for the nonce, and devotes himself to the gay girl who will not disdain to pay her dues in the small coin of compliment, and when he gets her as wife, he laments her frivolity and want of intellect. He would not have women dependent; they ought all, he thinks, to be self-helpful and self-sup-

porting; he sneers at the "clinging vines," but it is a plank in his platform that a woman must not step out of "her sphere," and, curiously enough, the self-supporting women are not favored with the smiles, nor yet the courtesy, which he bestows on the "butterflies."

Often too, an earnest, serious, thoughtful man is charmed by some one so totally unsuited to him that all his acquaintances stand aghast at the unsuitability of it. But he is tired of study or business; he wants rest. He is instinctively attracted by the freshness and spontaneity of youth, the sweet face delights him, the girlish prattle amuses him by its novelty, while the woman whom he could meet on equal terms, or who looks upon him as an epitome of wisdom, wears him. If marriage follows, what was once piquant becomes tiresome, the frivolity and want of sympathy become a terrible Nemesis.

There is a craving for admiration and commendation which is an instinct with all womankind; a woman without it would hardly be a woman. Carried beyond due bounds it plunges her into excesses, great frivolity and folly; in moderate degree, it is often her salvation. It is this instinct which prompts us to make ourselves in appearance, manner and mind what will be most pleasing to those whose favor we wish to win. When young girls just entering society are taking their first lessons in the art of pleasing, if they see the gay, giddy, fashionable girls winning all the attention, the partners, the bouquets, and the earnest, thoughtful ones neglected, the temptation is certainly great, with their instinctive love for such things, however their elders may point out "the folly of it," to model their own behavior in the fashion which will win what seems to them so desirable. It may be rather humiliating to admit it, nevertheless it is generally conceded that most women spend the most of their lives trying to please some man, either as lover, husband, father or brother. If these whom we must please set false or changeable standards, if their preaching and practice cannot be made to agree by the wisest Solomon among them, is it any particular wonder that the weaker ones "accept the situation" and do not attempt to ascertain the depth of their own natures or rise to their highest possibilities? When Frivolity sits in the corner intellect can have a chance; so long as men prefer the cap and bells of folly, there must be women like those at whom Dr. Dix preached his Lenten lectures. That men themselves realize this, and are beginning to see its truth even more forcibly, we may note what George William Curtis says in *Harper's Easy Chair*:

"The root of the wild excesses of fashionable folly, deepening into actual crime, is the view of women which men generally adopt, and which women generally accept. It lies in the refusal to recognize in women the same liberty of choice in the conduct of life which men assert and maintain for themselves. It lies in the distrust of those laws of nature in regard to women, which are implicitly trusted in regard to men, and in the assumption of men to decide for women what is becoming in woman. Men perpetually talk of the sphere of woman as if women did not know their own sphere quite as well as men know theirs, and men argue about the occupations and education of woman as if women were not as competent to choose for themselves as men for themselves. But if men are to decide what is truly womanly, and direct the activities and studies of women, practically denying them the freedom of choice, which men will fight to the death to secure for themselves, the consequences are inevitable. Not more surely will he that sows the wind reap the whirlwind than he who would impose upon society the reproduction of medieval morals and manners."

Those who hold such views, and whose instincts and minds and consciences, the modesty and tact and tenderness of women, but the theories and speculations of men about the sphere of woman, should govern the lives of women, must expect to see in women frivolity, flattery, and falsehood, and all their fruits. Those who live by favor will develop the characteristics of favorites. They will naturally decorate themselves to please a master, and dare any crime to retain the power of pleasure."

DISCONTENTED WIVES.

In her letter in the FARMER of the 17th inst., A. L. L. gives complaining women a "good going over." She pictures an imaginary "Sallie" getting blue and dyspeptic under a continued course of disabusing, pondering that ancient problem "Is life worth living?" and deciding in the negative. Suppose we reverse the glass, and take a view of the attitude of "the party of the other part," to see if the onus of blame is to be heaped upon the wife alone:

A man who marries takes his wife, generally, from a circle of loving friends and relatives, from settled activities and established ways, to a new home, perhaps differing greatly in all surroundings from that just left; introduces her to a new set of friends, strangers, rather—it may be to his own kindred, disposed to view with keenly critical eyes "John's" wife, or to neighbors to whom "the bride" is merely an object of curiosity. He sets her down in the house, provides her with the proper complement of pots and pans; goes about his business, and expects her to go about hers; that is, he expects a gay girl, who has perhaps as irresponsible a life as a butterfly, whose soft white hands and dainty toilettes had no small part in winning him, to settle down in a month's time, into as tidy a housekeeper, as good a cook, as economical a manager, as a woman who has had a third of a century's experience. It is "up-hill work" for the girl-wife; she has to adjust herself to many new relationships to persons and things, and take up a burden of work doubly weighted by her inexperience; and it is hardly fair to blame her because a false system of education, for which her parents are responsible, has failed to fit her to step at once into line as an able housewife. The first mistakes and mishaps are excused or laughed at, the first burnt fingers cured by a kiss, but soon the family dictator gets impatient when meals are late, and begins to vaguely hint that bread and pies and cake "don't taste like mother's." There is a very human and excusable jealousy in a wife's heart which makes

her grieved at finding her husband can find fault with her, or compare her amateur work with that of an old campaigner. She works harder and with better success, and looks for a few words of recognition. Does she get them? Ten chances to one "he" forgets entirely to praise, though he might not hesitate to condemn if opportunity is given. She supplies his favorite dessert, he eats his portion with relish, but withholds the word of commendation which would flavor her share with *sauce piquante*; the pudding was made to eat, and he thinks he has done the whole duty of man when he has eaten it without complaint.

A few spoken words are often all that lie between us and happiness. Praise, especially from one we love or whose opinion we value, is a wonderful invigorant; it makes hard tasks light, and rough ways pleasant; it helps us to a good estimate of our labor, being proof that what we do is appreciated; and conduces to that comfortable "conceit of ourselves" so essential to our self respect.

And again, a woman's domestic work is of that nature which is barren in outward results; there is nothing to show for three meals a day at the end of the year; we cannot live without them, yet there is no external evidence of the labor which went to their preparation. A man's work tells. He sees cleared fields and straight fences, tight barns and fat cattle, and carries a good sized roll of greenbacks as an earnest of garnered crops. A woman washes the same old clothes in the same old tubs and hangs them on the same old line, week out and week in, till a dozen new clothes-pins become a welcome relief to the monotony. Yet in her heart of hearts she knows her husband "can't keep house without her," and longs for the loving words which assure her that she is recognized as an equal member of the copartnership. Bulwer says that no man, however wise, can entirely comprehend a woman; there are very few who understand how dear commendatory words are to the heart of a wife. Many a man is fully convinced that he has "a household treasure" who never voices his thought, and the "treasure" may be very hungry for just that loving recognition which dies unuttered on his lips. Marriage is but an incident in a man's career, though one which makes or mars his future to a great extent—the "even tenor" of his aims and ambitions is unchecked; but it is the wife's life, for in the new relationship she must find happiness, if that rare blossom of life is to be gathered at all. She is indeed a wonderful woman who is so self-centred, so independent, and withal so unselfish, that she can be happy with an indifferent husband in the performance of distasteful duties which have for their first cause his comfort and well being.

No indeed, A. L. L., the "Sallies" of this life are not to be saddled with the full burden of their own discontent, without showing that the fault is not all on their side. It should not be expected that the "Sallies" should furnish all the domestic brightness. Let the "party of the other part" have a chance to exercise himself in making the woman he chooses before all others so convinced of his appreciation of her, his love and sympathy for her, that she forgets what discontent means. Let him praise even a badly cooked dinner, the perjury will never be laid up against him in Heaven; let him see to it that some outside brightness enters her life by taking her to a party, a picnic, or a ride, as he used to do in those long ago days when he was "courtin'." Let him make her a present now and then, and slip a ten or twenty dollar bill into her empty purse when he sells some farm crop which she helped raise as well as he. And too, let him remember that a "soft

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

We took a run of three or four days in the vicinity of Owosso and Corunna, Shiawassee County, during which time we met but a few farmers, as our trip was one of intended pleasure, not of business. Mrs. R. accompanied us on this trip, and enjoyed the ride on the D. & M., that old reliable road, passing over so pleasant a country and by such pretty places as Pontiac, Holly, Fenton, etc., as we did. Our old friend, Lyman Garrison, whom we visited, is living upon a handsome little farm of 55 acres, good buildings, orchard, etc., within the limits of Corunna, and owns a large farm some eight miles distant. He intends this fall to make a small venture in blooded stock. We think it quite time that he should lay down the axe and rest, although in the past we have admired his pluck and energy, he having cleared up no less than five farms, bringing them all to a good state of cultivation.

Of course when at Owosso we had to look at the famous stallions owned by Messrs. Dewey & Stewart, and which have a wide-spread notoriety for their value. They are an honor to the State and a credit to their breeders. We regret that circumstances prevented our seeing the stock of brood mares and fillies on the farm. Charles Fuller, who is quite noted as a handler of horses, showed us a colt sired by Jo Gavin, dam a Louis Napoleon mare, owned by Dr. J. B. Perkins, that is a little under size but has indications of speed; also Lawrence Gould's five year old mare with a 2:30 gait. She had Merodoc as sire and a Henry Clay mare for dam; N. McNeil's three year old bay stallion Count Orloff, and his own four year old stallion Nickwood, with Louis Napoleon for sire and dam by Owosso Prince; he shows a fine gait for age, has a quiet disposition and is driven by Mrs. F. About this time we were taken in hand by the general J. A. Armstrong, and went to see his little farm of 15 acres on the outskirts of the city of Owosso. He has a neat tidy house, well arranged barns and kennels, where he keeps his celebrated Scotch Collies, which he has been breeding for seven years from his own direct importations. He prides himself on the purity of their blood, and we think that they are equal to anything in the State. We were pleased at their fame and popularity, and the success he meets in selling them. He also showed us his two fine, full-bred Shorthorn cows (we have mislaid the memorandum of pedigrees), which are for sale. He also showed us his five year old Cotswold buck, Gloucester. Imported by John Ward, of Ontario. In fact, although this place is small in extent, yet its owner as a breeder and fancier is not. He spent some time with us while we interviewed others. We were both cordially met by C. Hibbard & Son, who have 250 acres of land upon which they have lived 29 years. Some portion of it is new, but there is in it the making of one of the finest farms in the county. They have been grading up stock of cattle for 15 years, but for the last few years have been breeding full bloods until now they have a herd of 11 as fine and well bred Shorthorns as can be found in this section. Their first purchase was three head of Mr. E. McGonegal, Clarkston, Oakland Co. Wiley Oxford Rd, bright red, five year old, bred in Kentucky, is good, and deserving of his place at the head of this herd; also yearling bull bred by Avery & Murphy. Among the eight cows we noticed one purchased a year ago at the Geddes sale, and the two that were bought this spring from Geo. W. Stuart, of Grand Blanc. It is growing into a fine herd, some of them being as fine animals as could be wished for; Lady Alice, a nine months heifer, is exceedingly good. In their flock of 125 sheep, 15 are thoroughbreds, from the flock of R. B. Caruss, of St. Johns, and the balance high grades. The buck at the head is two years old, sired by Centennial, bred by the Moores of Vermont, and purchased from Mr. Wm. Ball of Hamburg. We also noticed seven rams bred by Mr. G. W. Stuart of Grand Blanc, and placed here for sale. We also saw some fine full bred Berkshires. The brood sow was obtained from Mr. Hasbrouck of Marshall, and the boar from the Agricultural College farm. The pigs were splendid. We left this farm, pleased with our warm reception, and the kindness to us and well wishes for the success of the FARMER.

As we came to a farm with a splendid residence and the best barns that we had seen on this drive, we stopped for a few moments and visited with its owner Mr. Robert Wilcox (we knew he took your paper), who moved upon this 440 acre farm four years ago. He came here from Rochester, N. Y., (and he doesn't wish to go back) where the farm surroundings are the first in the land. In this hurried interview he told us his specialty was fine wool sheep; that he has 400 high grades, and a well-bred full blood buck, good enough for any one.

No one, we might dispute us as we write that J. H. Hartwell has a farm of 500 acres that is very rich and productive, and equals any in the State for location and beauty. His house is large and stylish, and embowered in a grove of shrubbery that almost tempted us to quit our talk and seek the coolness of its green shade. From the porch of this house we saw an unusually fine landscape and learn from the owner of these broad acres that he has 400 grade sheep and 125 lambs, and that he clipped and sold a little over 3,000 lbs. of wool, the largest clip in the county, getting 31 cents per pound for it, the highest price paid where sold. Dinner was had at Mr. W. Southard's, who works a 220 acre farm, pleasantly situated, and where we saw some fine Berkshire sheep, etc., and the best garden seen in some time.

A day could have been spent with Isaac Gale, in looking over his 400 acre farm, and listening to his tales of pioneer life of 43 years ago, for we found as a talker he was a success, and was enjoying the reward of a well-spent life surrounded with every comfort.

E. M. Jordan showed his Poland China sow "Owosso Beauty," 1st dam Beauty of Riverside, 15 months old, and his seven months old boar "Blocky," sired by Black Tom, owned by Levi Arnold, and who says he is the best sire of that breed

in the State. Mr. Jordan also showed us a Jersey heifer, nearly full bred, being sired by an imported thoroughbred bull. She is good in many of her points and in color, and an excellent milker.

Wm. Sauer is one more of the big farmers in this part; owns a very large tract that is well adapted for stock raising. Horse flesh is his fancy, and in the pastures are to be found about forty brood mares, some with colts, and all bred to Dewey & Stewart's stallions, of which Mr. S. is one of the many warm admirers that are to be found. We shall expect to hear in the near future that fast time will be made by some colt bred by Mr. S. from these favorites.

As we pass the farm of Mr. Perry Comstock we notice a handsome buck and doe sporting in a little park near the house. Mr. C. is one of the most energetic farmers that we have met, and owns a farm of 80 acres, but not content with that, wants an addition of 57 acres.

The city of Owosso is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, is well built up, its stores, churches and residences are good, many of them being of brick, and the side streets well shaded. It has a fine water power, which is utilized to good advantage by some large factories, and which has tended largely to the importance, wealth and business interests of this busy little city. It has already two railroads, but its citizens are not content nor will they be till they have a continuation of the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad to their city, and on to Frankfort, in Benzie Co., tapping places like Ithaca, St. Louis, Mt. Pleasant, and a number of others, all of which country will give Detroit the go by, paying tribute to and building up Toledo at the expense of our commercial metropolis. What are the railroad magnates and capitalists of Detroit thinking of? There are two good weekly papers published here, the Owosso Times, by Dewey & Co., being Republican; and the Owosso Press, by J. H. Chambers & Co., Democratic. They are both fine appearing sheets, are readable papers and well patronized. There is no doubt but that this place is on the forward march to a place of much importance, and we shall keep an eye upon her future.

ON THE WING.

How to Foretell Weather.

The Farmers' Club of the American Institute has issued the following rules for foretelling the weather. If farmers and others whose business is out of doors and depends upon the weather, will study them closely, they will be able to guess the weather more accurately than Wiggins or Venner—

1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in process to a region of fair weather.
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather to a region where a storm is forming.
6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northeast there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow, if it be in summer, and if it be in winter, there will be a snow storm.
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southeast there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow, if it be in summer, and if it be in winter, there will be a snow storm.
8. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north, the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south, the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is south; if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.
9. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within 100 miles of you.
10. Whenever heavy, white frost occurs, a storm is forming within 100 miles north or northwest of you.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade for the last week, says: Continued wet weather has further damaged the crops. Wheat is less firm. Flour firm, at times dearer. Foreign wheats have weakened, the supply being larger. Flour is in less demand. The market for both maize and barley is against buyers, and there was little inquiry. Trade in cargoes of coast is brisker. Twenty arrivals, 14 sales, 13 cargoes withdrawn, six remain. About 15 cargoes are due this week. Trade in the forward months is stagnant. Sales of English wheat during the week amount to 28,735 quarters at 43s 1d per quarter, against 10,387 quarters at 50s corresponding week last year.

Some of the buyers at the Central yards are making loud complaints of the way in which some drovers treat their cattle. Stock reaching here Friday evening is not allowed to make the acquaintance of the water trough until 10 o'clock Saturday morning, or a short time before they are weighed off. When the water is turned on, the cattle, almost famished, drink an inordinate amount of it, and it is a poor animal that cannot add fifty pounds to its weight in a short time. At other stockyards there is an inspector whose duty it is to see that cattle are furnished with a proper supply of water on their arrival at the yards. It would be a good idea to inaugurate the same system here.

The Weed-Slayer advertised in another column we endorse as a very handy garden tool. The Pontiac Novelty Works, where it is manufactured, is reliable, and under the management of Mr. John Clark, known to many of our readers as the inventor of the Pomace Holder, the Duplex Apple Parer, Corer and Slicer, the Standard Family Parer, as well as the Weed-Slayer.

This season has proved an extremely hard one on shippers of dressed meats. We notice by the Buffalo Express that two carloads arrived in that city a short time ago in a terrible condition, and were condemned at once by the authorities. Another shipper, we are informed, lost 11 carloads of one shipment. Each car carries about 40 carcasses, so it will be seen that such a loss foots up high.

CAREY, the Irish informer, has been assassinated on board a steamer which was bound to Cape Town, Africa. The assassin, named O'Donnell, has been arrested.

Mr. L. SPRAGUE, Farmington, Oakland Co., has some fine yearling thoroughbred Merino bucks which he wishes to dispose of. He has a fine breeding flock.

"Buchu-Paluba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

Beatty's Organs for \$35.00.

Special attention is called to Mayor Beatty's Parlor Organ advertisement in another column. Any of our readers who are in want of a Cabinet Organ at a reduced price should order at once from the advertisement as the time is limited to only seven days from the date of this paper.

*Druggists say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female complaints they ever heard of.

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine, and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the FARMER. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long the animal has been ill, what treatment it has received, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

Edema with Complications.

DAVIDSON, July 31, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—What ails my horse? He is five years old, bright bay, weighs about 900 pounds, rather close built, has been kept up and well fed, is in good flesh and spirits. About four or five weeks ago there came a soft swelling on his chest, running back between his fore legs; he was then treated with sulphate of iron and saltpeter, and the swelling disappeared; but of late new ones have appeared at a different character about midway between the sheath and fore legs. They are hard; the largest one I think you could cover with your two hands. He has two small bunches over the ribs on the right side, and one on the hip; these look as if they had been caused by bruises, although he has had little chance to injure himself. I think he has some fever, as his mouth and nostrils are dry. We are now giving him sulphate of soda. What shall we do for him? I would like to have you tell the readers of the FARMER the best treatment for a horse that has eaten too much grain.

CHAS. COOK.

Answer.—It is impossible from the symptoms given to diagnose the disease in your horse; personal examination, or a better description only would justify us in making the attempt. The first attack plainly indicates edema, a serous effusion in the cellular tissue. The present condition of the animal may be due to some complication of disease which the symptoms as given do not explain. Under the circumstances we can only prescribe for the animal upon general principles. Treatment: If the bowels are constipated, give the following: Sulfate of iron, Jamaica ginger root, pulv., one ounce. Mix and divide into 16 powders; give one morning and night. If the bowels are regular give instead the following: Gentian root pulv., nitrate of potash, of each two ounces; sulphate of iron, pulv., Jamaica ginger root, pulv., of each one ounce. Mix all together, and divide into 12 powders; give once three times a day. Wet his feed, which should be good clean oats and hay, with a decoction of chamomile flowers, in the proportion of half a pound to a gallon of water. Provide comfortable quarters well ventilated. If the animal is not weak a little walking exercise would be beneficial. Please report to us how it progresses, giving its general condition and any additional symptoms that may be developed.

Probably Indigestion.

CHURCH, July 31, '83.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I have a cow that had a calf two weeks ago, was giving twenty quarts of milk when she suddenly dropped to half that quantity, with cold horns, staring coat, but eats and drinks well, and chews her cud, loses flesh fast. Some say it is hollow horn. Please let me know the cause and cure if any. Also, what will prevent scours in cattle when out to grass.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The symptoms as given are too indefinite to enable us to diagnose the trouble with your cow. The animal's appetite being good, we suspect indigestion as the primary cause of her losing milk, flesh, &c. The best treatment in such cases known to us, is to give one dose of Prof. R. Jennings' Bovine Panacea, No. 1 package, three times a day. If your druggist does not keep it, have him send for it, price \$1. Or use the following: Sulphate of magnesia, two pounds; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., four ounces; nitrate of potash, pulv., two ounces; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., one ounce; mix well together and divide into twelve powders, give one night and morning. Hollow horn, like wolf in the tail, bottle, etc., are delusions of past ages.

Puffs on the Knees.

ATLAS, July 31, '83.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I have a half-blood Percheron horse colt, foaled the 16th of June, that has puffs on his knees; they are on the front and outside, are soft, do not make him lame. What treatment, if any? I have bathed them with cold water a few times—no other treatment.

FARMER.

Answer.—The puffy swelling on your colt's knees may be removed by first bathing the parts with hot water, not warm, but hot as the animal can bear it without scalding, continued for ten or fifteen minutes, then bathe with Prof. R. Jennings' Evince Liniment. These applications should be made twice a day until re-

moved. If this treatment occupies too much time, try painting the parts with creosote, once in two or three days; or use tincture of iodine once a day. The first is the quickest and more certain in its action.

Anonymous.

If "W. M. M." of Farmington, is entitled to our advice free, as a subscriber of the MICHIGAN FARMER, he will send us his full name and postoffice address, and we may know him as such, and we will answer his inquiry without delay. We do not publish the name of a correspondent when requested not to do so. Subscribers lose time by sending anonymous communications, which may result in financial loss to them. Our conditions for free veterinary advice are published at the head of this column. If subscribers do not comply with them they should not feel aggrieved if their requests do not receive attention.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, July 31, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 1,681 bbls., against 1,403 bbls. last week, and the shipments were 1,319 bbls. The flour market is still very quiet, with mills running on short time and many doing nothing. Demands are very light, and only to meet present wants. Values are about steady, with no changes to note during the week. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Roller process..... \$ 60 75
Winter wheat, city brands..... 4 00
Winter wheat brands, country..... 4 75
Winter wheat..... 6 00 75
Minnesota patents..... 7 50 25
Rye flour..... 4 00

Wheat.—The market is on the down grade again, more because there is no present demand for grain than any change in the situation. In fact the prospects for the new crop have been materially injured the past week through the very unfavorable weather for harvesting. Futures are receiving more attention than cash wheat. Closing quotations here were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.20; No. 2 do, \$1.15; No. 3 do, \$1.10; No. 4 do, \$1.05; No. 5 do, \$1.00; No. 6 do, \$0.95; No. 7 do, \$0.90; No. 8 do, \$0.85; No. 9 do, \$0.80; No. 10 do, \$0.75; No. 11 do, \$0.70; No. 12 do, \$0.65; No. 13 do, \$0.60; No. 14 do, \$0.55; No. 15 do, \$0.50; No. 16 do, \$0.45; No. 17 do, \$0.40; No. 18 do, \$0.35; No. 19 do, \$0.30; No. 20 do, \$0.25; No. 21 do, \$0.20; No. 22 do, \$0.15; No. 23 do, \$0.10; No. 24 do, \$0.05; No. 25 do, \$0.00.

Corn.—Has received no attention and prices are unsettled. No. 2 corn would probably bring about 50c, high mixed at 54c. For new mixed 5c was bid yesterday but none received.

Oats.—No. 2 white are quoted at 38c, and No. 2 mixed at 35c, with a very unsettled market.

Feed.—Very little doing. Bran is quoted at \$12.00/13.00, and fine middlings at \$10.00/11.00.

Butter.—Very quiet, with best cream selling at 10c/11c. The lower grades are dull and lifeless.

Cheese.—The market is unchanged. For choice, extra St. 11 1/2c; No. 2 do, 10 1/2c; No. 3 do, 9 1/2c; No. 4 do, 8 1/2c; No. 5 do, 7 1/2c; No. 6 do, 6 1/2c; No. 7 do, 5 1/2c; No. 8 do, 4 1/2c; No. 9 do, 3 1/2c; No. 10 do, 2 1/2c; No. 11 do, 1 1/2c; No. 12 do, 1/2c; No. 13 do, 1/4c; No. 14 do, 1/8c; No. 15 do, 1/16c; No. 16 do, 1/32c; No. 17 do, 1/64c; No. 18 do, 1/128c; No. 19 do, 1/256c; No. 20 do, 1/512c; No. 21 do, 1/1024c; No. 22 do, 1/2048c; No. 23 do, 1/4096c; No. 24 do, 1/8192c; No. 25 do, 1/16384c; No. 26 do, 1/32768c; No. 27 do, 1/65536c; No. 28 do, 1/131072c; No. 29 do, 1/262144c; No. 30 do, 1/524288c; No. 31 do, 1/1048576c; No. 32 do, 1/2097152c; No. 33 do, 1/4194304c; No. 34 do, 1/8388608c; No. 35 do, 1/16777216c; No. 36 do, 1/33554432c; No. 37 do, 1/67108864c; No. 38 do, 1/134217728c; No. 39 do, 1/268435456c; No. 40 do, 1/536870912c; No. 41 do, 1/1073741824c; No. 42 do, 1/2147483648c; No. 43 do, 1/4294967296c; No. 44 do, 1/8589934592c; No. 45 do, 1/17179869184c; No. 46 do, 1/34359738368c; No. 47 do, 1/68719476736c; No. 48 do, 1/137438953472c; No. 49 do, 1/274877906944c; No. 50 do, 1/549755813888c; No. 51 do, 1/1099511627776c; No. 52 do, 1/2199023255552c; No. 53 do, 1/4398046511104c; No. 54 do, 1/8796093022208c; No. 55 do, 1/1759218044416c; No. 56 do, 1/3518436088832c; No. 57 do, 1/7036872177664c; No. 58 do, 1/14073744355328c; No. 59 do, 1/28147488710656c; No. 60 do, 1/56294977421312c; No. 61 do, 1/112589954842624c; No. 62 do, 1/225179909685248c; No. 63 do, 1/450359819370496c; No. 64 do, 1/900719638740992c; No. 65 do, 1/1801439276881984c; No. 66 do, 1/3602878553763968c; No. 67 do, 1/7205757107527936c; No. 68 do, 1/14411514215055872c; No. 69 do, 1/28823028430111744c; No. 70 do, 1/57646056860223488c; No. 71 do, 1/115292113720446976c; No. 72 do, 1/230584227440893952c; No. 73 do, 1/461168454881787904c; No. 74 do, 1/922336909763575808c; No. 75 do, 1/1844673819527151616c; No. 76 do, 1/3689347639054303232c; No. 77 do, 1/7378695278108606464c; No. 78 do, 1/14757390556217212928c; No. 79 do, 1/29514781112434425856c; 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